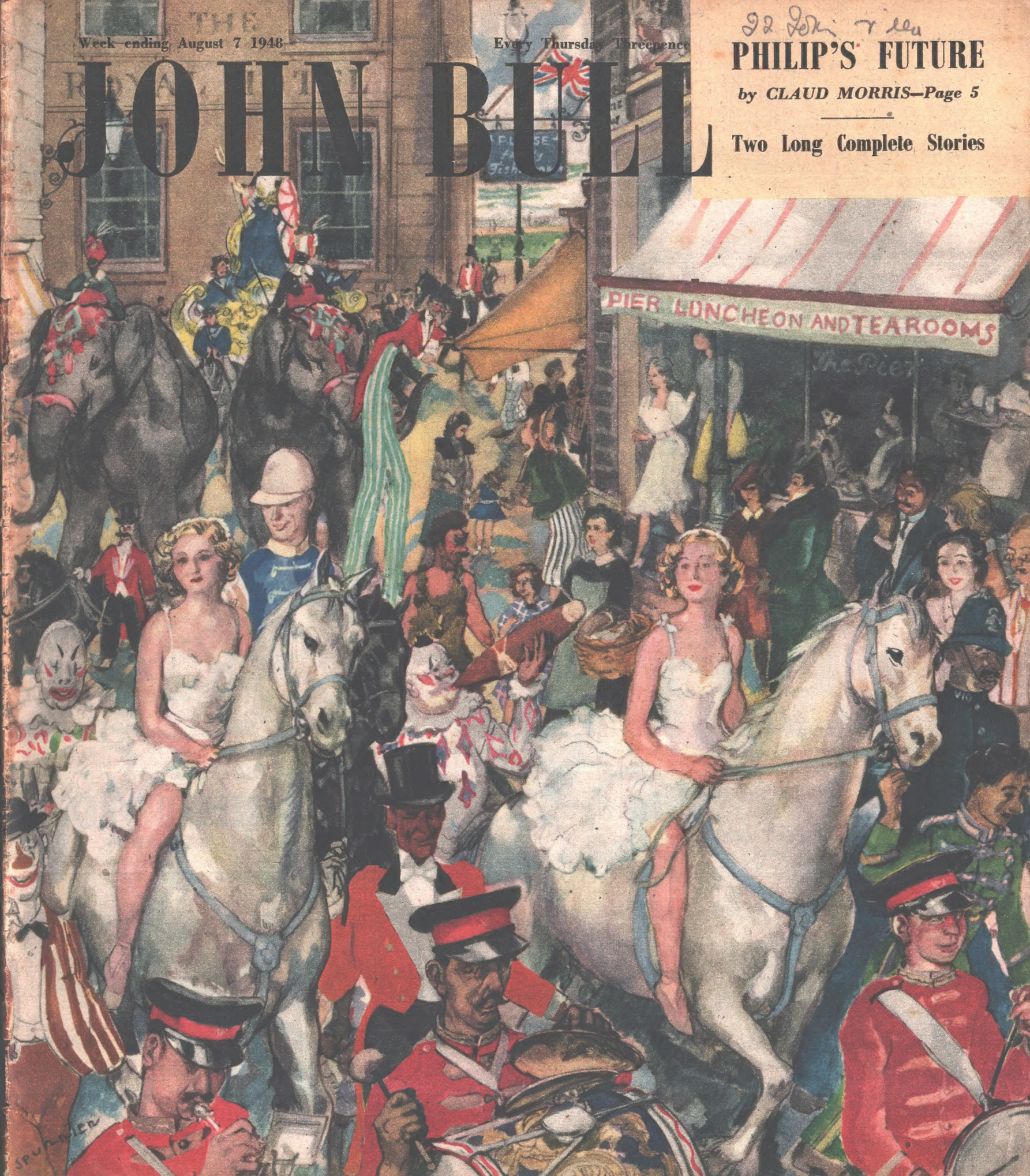
Week ending August 7 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

PHILIP'S FUTURE

by CLAUD MORRIS—Page 5

Two Long Complete Stories



food for fresh-air appetites

A picnic lunch or supper, like a packed meal for taking to work, should be as appetising, nourishing and sustaining as a hot meal. A good way to make sure of this, is to plan your meal around at least one item which is a good body-builder such as meat, egg, fish, cheese.

Two Sandwich Fillings

1 **Snoek and Watercress.** Snoek is a solid fish, rich in nourishment, and makes a delicious and sustaining spread. 4 level tablespoons chopped watercress, 4 level tablespoons flaked snoek, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 level dessertspoon chopped spring onion, salt to taste, ¼ level teaspoon pepper. Mix all together.

2 **Cheese Filling.** As this filling contains fat, no extra fat is needed to spread on the bread. ½ oz. margarine, 2 oz. finely grated cheese, 1 very small onion, or spring onion finely chopped, pinch of dry mustard, pinch of pepper, salt if necessary, 2 tablespoons milk. Cream the margarine and beat in the cheese, onion and seasoning. Stir in milk and beat well until the mixture is creamy.

Bacon and Egg Pie

Short pastry, using 6 oz. flour, 2 eggs, fresh or dried, 2 oz. bacon, chopped, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, ½ level teaspoon salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper. Line a 7-in. plate, or a 6-in. sandwich tin, with half the pastry. Beat the eggs and add the bacon, breadcrumbs and seasoning; mix well and pour into the lined plate or tin. Cover the pie with the remaining pastry and bake in a hot oven for ½ hour.

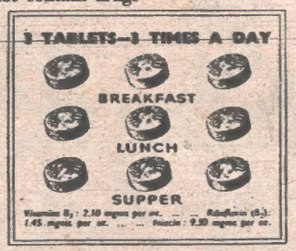
Fish Patties

¼ pint white sauce (using ½ oz. flour and ¼ pint milk and water), 4 oz. cooked fish, 2 oz. cooked carrot, diced, ½ level teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 level teaspoon salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, short pastry, using 6 oz. flour. Mix the sauce with the fish, carrot and seasonings. Roll out half the pastry to line a 6-in. sandwich tin and turn in the filling. Cover with a pastry lid and bake in a hot oven for 20-30 minutes. Four small patties may be made instead of one large one.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S201)

"My meals do do me good!"

Yeast releases energy from other foods! Three tablets of Yestamin Daily Yeast with every meal helps you to *positive* health. Yestamin Daily Yeast, a splendid combination of proteins and the B Vitamins, does not contain drugs



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SUTTONS FRUIT SQUASH

Makers of "Master Touch" Sauce, Fine Pickles, Canned Goods and "The Cream of Salad Creams"

GAS COOKING FOR SPEED!

Full heat instantly at the turn of a tap for boiling, frying and grilling.

HANDSOME IS and HANDSOME DOES—

That's the GAS idea

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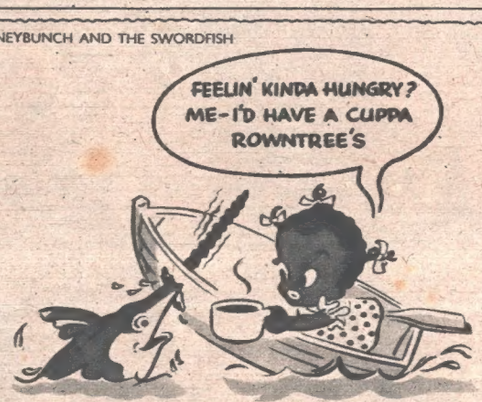
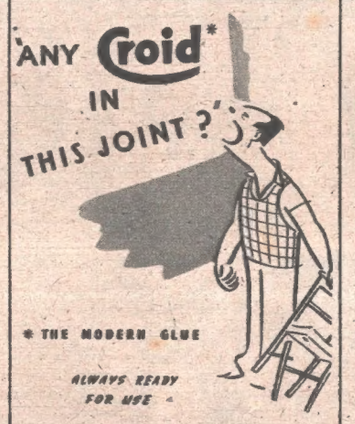
HONEYBUNCH AND THE SWORDFISH



ROWNTREE'S COCOA

So grateful—so genial—so GOOD



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Summer Fruits with

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

MAKE RATIONS GO FURTHER

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

"Are your dentures made of the new plastic?"

More than a quarter of the denture wearers who were asked this question answered "Yes". Among the younger men and women the proportion was much higher, and in fact nearly all dentures now being fitted are of the new plastic type. Steradent has proved as completely safe and effective for the new plastics as for all other types of dentures. It cleans and sterilises them gently but thoroughly.

Steradent

Cleans and Sterilises every type of Denture

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD · HULL & LONDON

NEW CREAM DEODORANT

safely STOPS underarm PERSPIRATION

1. **Does not irritate skin.**
2. **Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.**
3. **Prevents odour. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.**
4. **Pure, white, greaseless, vanishing.**
5. **No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.**

Arrid *2/5 a jar.* Supplies are very limited, of course, but they are being distributed as fairly as possible. You'll have to keep your weather-eye open for Arrid—but it's worth looking for.

Mackintosh's Rolo Regd.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE WITH A CREAMY TOFFEE CENTRE

—IN THE PERFECT POCKET PACK

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JOHN BULL

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Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
AUGUST 7, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2197

Cleaning Up Britain

THE GREAT PLASTERING of large and often ugly advertisements all over our cities and our countryside is at last coming to an end. Thirty years ago, there was hardly a wall in a town or a field beside a railway which had not been disfigured.

Since then, advertising taste and the public conscience have brought about a gradual change. There are not so many badly-sited posters and hoardings, and the standard of design in advertisements has improved a hundredfold.

But there is still a lot of ugliness to be cleared up, and we therefore welcome this month's new regulations under the Town and Country Planning Act.

Everyone enjoys what we call an "unspoilt" country town. It is pleasant to see the old houses and the quaint, quiet streets, where the eye and the mind are not being offended by other people's salesmanship.

Enlightened advertising firms have long realized this. They confine their poster displays to proper hoardings on special sites, and they set a high standard of design on behalf of their clients.

Such firms will not oppose the new regulations. No real hardship is involved; for the Government allows ample time for offending advertisements to be cleared away and re-sited where they will do no harm.

In the end, the reform of outdoor advertising now begun should give us more beautiful daily surroundings without harming the business community at all.

The Hanging Lords

THE BEST AND THE WORST of our democratic way of dealing with great controversial measures of reform have been illustrated by the retention of capital punishment after the House of Commons had twice voted for its abolition.

The Lords having rejected both the original proposal for a five years' total suspension of hanging, and the compromise retaining the supreme penalty only for the worst crimes, we are now—legally and technically, at least— back where we started. This, in the hanging debate, is almost literally where we came in.

It is claimed in some quarters that the Lords have shown great wisdom, and have proved themselves nearer to the will of the people than the Commons. In fact, they have reacted in a traditional manner which pays more tribute to their expediency than to their moral sense. Morally, as most people will agree, there is no more justification for capital punishment in a civilized state than for war in a civilized world.

It is a sad commentary on our present condition that fear of a further increase in crimes of violence and lack of confidence in the preventive forces of the State have delayed a necessary reform. For that is what has happened.

The House of Commons, in spite of the pressure of legal and police force opinion upon the Government, was ready to be progressive in this as in other measures of social and criminal reform. Recognizing the obvious risks, it still voted substantially in favour of a courageous experiment. This is to its credit, despite the arguments on the other side. The House of Lords, as perhaps befits an assembly of elders, was unwilling to accept any risk at all.

So progress is, for the moment, arrested, and hanging remains a statutory penalty. Nevertheless, some advance has been made, despite the action of the hanging Lords.

Chuter Ede is working on a new and separate Bill, which he hopes will offer a more acceptable compromise. Meanwhile, the right of reprieve, exercised for years by the Home Secretary, will surely be used more widely after so many of the people's representatives have recorded their opposition to the death penalty.

Make State Opera Pay

DO YOU GO TO THE OPERA? Do you enjoy ballet? If the answer to both these questions is no, then you may not at first feel keenly interested in the Government's decision to buy the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for the nation.

Yet this is important. It may prove to be the beginning of a trend which will affect everybody's entertainment.

Covent Garden will be the first State theatre Britain ever had. Other countries tried the experiment long ago, and made it work. There is no reason why we should fail.

And to begin with, at least, the State will merely own the building. It will not put on the shows. There will be no ballets born in Whitehall, nor opera dreamed up in Downing Street.

The scheme is being attacked on the ground that taxpayers who do not enjoy opera will be required to subsidize entertainment for those who do.

That is a very narrow viewpoint. If educational progress and cultural prestige are worth anything at all, then the cost of guaranteeing in Covent Garden a permanent national home for opera and ballet will be trifling compared with the results.

But that does not mean that the Arts Council and opera producers should dip into the taxpayers' pockets at will.

The aim must be to make the State Opera House pay its way.

A very high standard of performance, both in opera and ballet, will be essential. The Arts Council and its professional collaborators have a big job ahead.

Save That Scrap

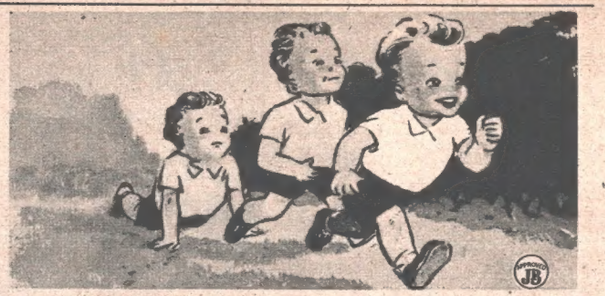
OUR SHIPBUILDING MEN deserve the nation's thanks and encouragement. British shipyards have a record tonnage on order and are now building more than half the world's new merchant ships.

The record orders are a double help at this serious time. Ships built for sale to foreign countries bring in dollars and overseas currencies. Ships built to fill the wartime gaps in our own fleet earn more dollars plying the seas with cargoes and passengers.

We are doing wonderfully well by building more than half the new ships. Yet we could do even better. More vessels could be launched—if only there were more steel.

In spite of record steel production, there is still not enough to meet all demands. We must have more. And we can have it —plus more ships—if only scrap metal is sent to the steel shops instead of being left lying in dumps.

Steel scrap is today just as valuable as at any time in the war. None of it must be wasted. All of it must be saved for use in the great national effort to get us back on to our economic feet.



PERSIL-white goes further ahead!

Persil now has 'Rayol,' the wonderful new-life ingredient which makes Persil-white even whiter still!
Persil's power to give brilliant snowy whiteness has *increased*. Its deep-cleansing suds now contain 'Rayol'—a marvellous new substance which gives a lasting, radiant finish to white things. Persil with 'Rayol' gives new life to tired whites and a soft, lovely radiance to coloureds.

PERSIL with RAYOL washes *whiter than ever!*

PRM 1137-1155

Gentler for gums; better for teeth

And no wonder! Look at the smooth shaping of the little nylon strands. Though stiff and staunch as ever, they are trimmed to feel friendlier towards your gums, to be extra careful with the polished surface of your teeth.

Ordinary Trimming

'Rondated'

HALEX *'rondated' nylon toothbrush*

RONDATED is a registered trade name of Halex Limited

IRIUM
frees teeth from ACID-LADEN FILM that often causes decay

HOW? When teeth are gleaming, white, polished — clogging film cannot shelter acid-forming microbes that lodge in tiny crevices and may start decay. Film just cannot form on teeth kept sparkling white.

ONLY Pepsodent contains Irium. It will safely loosen, emulsify, and wash away dingy film and stains, leaving teeth brilliantly clean. *Brush teeth thoroughly with Pepsodent TWICE a day. See your dentist TWICE every year.*

Super-cleansing, and regular inspection, alone, can guard the precious whiteness of your teeth.

Pepsodent
CONTAINING EXCLUSIVE IRIUM

Standard size 1/4d. Double Family size 2/3d.

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Every member of the
AUSTRALIAN TOURING TEAM
uses **Biro** –
the modern way of writing

up . . . or down?

Upswept to look sophisticated, feel surer of yourself and — impress other women. Down, for femininity, naturalness and — to please men. Cheer up! Nearly every women is in two minds about her hair-do.

BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT

modess

Waterproof backing. Rounded ends and sides. Day-long softness. Soluble with loops 12 for 1/8½d. Cotton wool with loops 12 for 2/4d. Plain wrappings.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD.

Always Fresh

For effective medication, iron must be in a fresh, unoxydised state, *i.e.* ferrous iron. Once it is oxydised into ferric iron it is useless. Hence the importance of the special process used in the preparation of Iron Jelloids, for it is this process which ensures that the iron-content of the Jelloids will still be fresh and effective whenever the Iron Jelloids are taken. Again available in two sizes, 1/6 and 3/8, inc. purchase tax.

Iron Jelloids

The Reliable Blood Enricher and Tonic

The Iron Jelloid Co Ltd Watford

If he's keen on coal . . .

YOU'LL BE GLAD OF

on washing day!

The No. 1 soap powder in the red and yellow packet. Large 8½d. Small 4½d. J. Bibby & Sons Limited, Liverpool

MAGNESIA SMILE—*please!*

White teeth gleaming against a Summer tan — that attractive *magnesia smile!* Every time you clean your teeth, mouth acidity is neutralized by *'Milk of Magnesia' — contained only in Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Phillips' DENTAL MAGNESIA Toothpaste REGD

1/4 per tube Extra large 2/3

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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"—SO I GAVE HIM A ROLLS"

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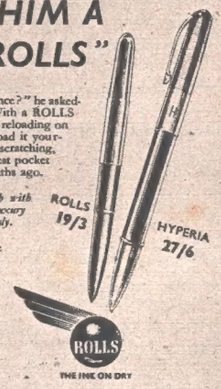
Get a ROLLS to-day. Standard 19/3d, De Luxe 20/9d, both with EXTRA cartridge. RED or BLUE refills 1/10d. The full-size luxury ROLLS Hyperia, gold-plated, 27/6d. 1 double-life cartridge only. Refills 2/-.

From good stationers and stores. If any difficulty write to the Rolls Pen Co. Ltd., 22 Greville Place, London, N.W.6. Phone MAlda Vale 2264.



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. . . for quality, comfort, style and price. Sold by good retailers everywhere.

48/6 Also in TAN Other styles 37/6 & 29/10

made by JOHN WHITE FOOTWEAR

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O.K HORSERADISH SAUCE

Fine, thanks!
I eat crisp, crunchy RYVITA as my daily bread
GET SOME
RYVITA
the outstanding nourishment value in the shops today

Ronuk Polishes

SAXA best value SALT

ENGLISH FESTIVALS

THE HARVEST HOME

The Harvest Home was a joyous procession led by the captain of the reapers. Garlanded horses, on one of which the prettiest girl of the farm was seated, drew the last load to the stackyard. Then followed feasting, song and dance in the farmhouse.

Nowadays, a welcome part of any celebration is a round of Maldano cocktails. Full pre-war quality at 16/6 a bottle. Keep one in reserve for entertaining.

WINES Maldano cocktails

for festive occasions

PHILIP'S FUTURE

by CLAUD MORRIS

In less than a year, the young man who married Princess Elizabeth has become an accepted public figure in his own right. Philip is more than merely decorative and affable. He inherits the Mountbatten sense of mission. How will he apply it in the complex rôle ahead of him?

Colour photograph by Baron

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has taken his seat in the House of Lords, thus officially settling himself in as a public figure. The ceremony set the seal on his graduation from the status of a little-known young man of foreign origin to that of a British nobleman and husband of the future queen.

The probationary period, which began with a newspaper poll on his eligibility as Princess Elizabeth's husband, and continued through the early days of his marriage, is over.

Philip has arrived. He is accepted. In the autumn, he will become a father—perhaps of a future British monarch. After the King, Philip is now the most important male member of the Royal Family.

With the ancient monarchies largely discredited or in decline all over Europe, the British Royal Family is still respected as highly as ever. To retain and increase this respect will be no small part of Philip's job in the future. The real testing time is here.

It will be a searching test of character, an examination conducted under arc-lights which are never turned off, before people who may often forget that perfection is a mechanical, not a human, attribute. What sort of fellow will the unfolding years reveal? What sort of material has already been brought to light?

Officer on the Bridge

In 1943 there was a dirty old W-class destroyer, hard to handle from the bridge but pressed into service with the Rosyth Escort Force. Every few weeks she battered her way out into the North Sea, taking convoys from Newcastle-upon-Tyne up to Scapa Flow. On her bridge stood one of the youngest men to hold the post known in Navy slang as "Jimmy the One." It was Philip, her second-in-command.

One night out there in the North Sea, another officer sipped a mug of cocoa and told of the home he had, a family and a fireside, back in England.

"You know," said Prince Philip, "I've never really had a home. I was born in a house they called 'Mon Repos,' in Corfu, and never laid-to for ten minutes since. Since eight years old, I've always been at school."

Philip today is still much that kind of fellow. He would like a lamp, a fireside, a table, a wireless set, a couple of chairs, a bed to sleep in and a chance to take his wife to see Humphrey Bogart or Danny Kaye.

Instead, his life is as carefully charted as the passage of a big ocean liner between Southampton and New York. He must be impeccable. At eight every morning a valet must hand him a freshly starched white shirt and neatly pressed trousers.

The best labels are on his clothes; he has the newest cars. When he is ill, three doctors have their eye on him. He has too many maids, too many servants, too much flunkeying. He lives in a house far too big and has too many people to dinner. He can never completely capture the fireside privacy of his fellow officer on the bridge.

Booked Up All Day Every Day

He has an appointment book dated up for every morning, every afternoon and every evening of this week and next week; and so it will probably continue for half a century of weeks stretching like a corridor in front of him. Already he receives an average of two hundred letters a day—and the mailbag grows.

He will look back on the days when his freedom of action was not restricted; the days when he was seen around parties; the days when many young girls in Mayfair and elsewhere decided that marriage to Philip of Greece was not beyond the bounds of possibility.

In Australia he was known as Philip the Greek. He danced—and extremely well—with all the young socialites at such Sydney restaurants as Romano's and Prince's. He mixed easily; could share a pink gin with a young lovely, a Coca-Cola with a teen-ager, a pint with a shipmate.

He had a system with young women. He was polite. He took them to nice places. It was for him a good life, uncomplicated and congenial. And he dropped anybody who became serious.

During the war years Philip got more than his share of invitations to parties held for the officers of the Royal Navy whenever they had the time, and the stomach, to cope with them.

Wherever his ship went, he was invited to meet the Greek colony. But he knew that many of these Greeks were concerned principally with reactionary politics, while he (who considered himself an Englishman, since he had spent nearly all his life in this country) was concerned only with fighting. He tore up the invitations and put them in his cabin wastepaper basket.

That was the shrewd streak in him, the streak of caution which balances his desire for adventure and makes courage out of what might otherwise be foolhardiness.

The commander of the *Wallace* had this to say of him: "He is reliable, quick in reaction, and brilliant in a fix. A good man to go into trouble with."

He had a reputation with his men of being a good chap. He had a reputation with some of the hangers-on of being intolerant and impatient.

Certainly he has spirit. When a boy, he delayed a Greek royal family reception for half an hour because he went off to get a chocolate bun. Once in Germany, where he was for twelve months at school, he burst out laughing when he saw rows of German arms upraised in the Nazi salute at a public function.

He was often chased by autograph hunters, who thought there was glamour to a young prince. He felt it was all a lot of rot. One keen autograph fan who passed up his book for signing in a London theatre got the book back, took it home, and found it signed "The Earl of Baldwin."

There have been two great influences in his life: one a man of power and the other a man of knowledge. One the orthodox influence; the other the unorthodox.

The first is the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, "Uncle Dickie." Philip spent most weekends of his youth at Mountbatten's country home. Mountbatten became his guardian and sponsor. From him Philip absorbed the feeling of the "Mountbatten mission," the desire to serve England which had been forged even stronger by the fires of bitter experience through which Prince Louis of Battenberg—Philip's grandfather and "Uncle Dickie's" father—had passed during the first World War.

Prince Louis, German - born but naturalized British, had served since boyhood in the Royal Navy. When war with Germany broke out, Prince Louis was summarily bundled out of his office at the Admiralty, a victim of what some called

shabby ingratitude. From that moment, his son, now Earl Mountbatten, determined to make the name of Mountbatten famous as that of a family of great servants of the Crown. He has imbued Philip with much of his own fervour.

The second and unorthodox influence was that of Kurt Hahn, who is today one of Britain's cleverest and most forceful educationalists. Hahn, a Jew and a refugee from Hitler, founded a public school called Gordonstoun at Hopeman, a tiny fishing village in Morayshire. There Philip followed him after his year in Germany.

Hahn's system was spartan. Before breakfast, some of his pupils ran four hundred yards. It was the custom to climb a rope every day. Students had long skipping exercises. They sailed tiny boats in rough seas.

Philip was sometimes the despair of his tutors. He had no ability to concentrate on subjects which did not interest him. One of his teachers said: "Philip had great gifts for charm, and for leadership, too. His danger was that he suffered from a butterfly mind."

When it came to a career, the choice was obvious. Philip would follow the Mountbatten tradition and join the Navy. Kurt Hahn sat down one evening to write him a recommendation. As Philip sat before him in his great study with its crackling wood fire, Hahn looked quizzically at the boy and wrote:

"Philip will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself. His best is outstanding. His second-best is not good enough. He can, if he tries, show a genius for leadership."

His Engagement to Elizabeth

In 1939 Philip joined the Navy and, as he himself has said, went to school all over again.

By 1945 it became obvious to a few friends in what direction Philip was heading. He spent some leave in the Highlands. The question of a husband for Princess Elizabeth was already talked about in royal circles.

At Balmoral, one autumn evening, Prince Philip, who was wearing a newly acquired naval beard, much to Elizabeth's dismay at the time, went for a walk in the gardens with the Princess. They talked matters over.

Did he ask her, or did she ask him? That may seem an impolite question, but it is difficult for any young man to make a formal proposal of marriage to a future Queen of England.

To realize that difficulty of arranging a royal match one has only to look back in history. The Greville Diary of November 26, 1839, describes what happened when Albert became officially betrothed to Victoria. It reads:

> The Queen (Victoria) wrote to all her family and announced her marriage to them. When she saw the Duchess of Gloucester in town and told her she was to make her declaration next day, the Duchess asked if it was not a nervous thing to do. Victoria said: "Yes, but I did a much more nervous thing a little while ago". (October 15, 1839).
>
> "What was that?"
>
> "I proposed to Prince Albert."

Whatever happened between Philip and Elizabeth, the engagement was presently announced.

Only one flaw marked the proceedings. The first bit of hard news for the news-hungry public came, not from London, but from Athens. Some over-eager relative had let out the secret in correspondence, and it had been seized upon by a Greek journalist. For a moment there was alarm in case the Greek Court might try to make political capital out of the engagement.

Prince Philip's lineage was straightforward. His mother was Princess Alice of Battenberg, eldest daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, the German who later on became a naturalized British subject and served Britain with distinction. His father was Prince Andrew of Greece, brother of Constantine, also a German.

In Britain itself the people—so far as the people can approve in such matters—thought well of the young man. All was well.

Philip's own sisters, who were married to Germans, and now live in Germany, were not invited to the wedding. Why? It was inadvisable. The King felt he could not ask these girls to Britain after so recent a war. To have done so might have provoked needless criticism. After all, as was once remarked, the King in such matters has to take into account the susceptibility of the whole of the British Empire, and every slight change of wind in the international atmosphere.

Thus the Princess Margarita of Hohenlohe-Lagenburg, Princess Theodora of Baden and Princess Sophia of Hesse, all very goodlooking women, remained in the background.

So, with pomp and procession, and the carefully selected wedding guests, ended the first chapter of Philip's progression from émigré princeling to British nobleman.

Has Views and Utters Them

What sort of interim report can now be made on Prince Philip?

Philip remains open, straightforward, direct. The prejudices he has, he keeps; and doesn't mind telling anybody about them.

He is interested in politics, but he can now be no partisan, except of that great party, the English people. He has appeared once or twice in the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery of the House of Commons, peering with intense interest at the M.P.s

When he makes up his mind (and he has made up his mind about a number of things), he has enough Mountbatten blood in him to make him stick to a point of view. He is a good speaker, probably the best among any royal figures for a generation or so, and can amuse his audience with quip and thrust.

There was a saying in Albert's time that a good consort should put his brains in his pocket, but Philip is not that kind. Nor should he be, if he is to play to the full the part which the future holds for him.

The old royal tradition of dignified aloofness is almost dead. George V and George VI have brought the Crown closer to the ordinary people. Elizabeth and Philip will have to continue that process of making the Royal Family a centre rather than a summit of national life.

Philip shares many interests with you and me. He could be depended on to "humanize" the Crown. In reply to some recent questions I asked him, he tells me that his favourite radio programme is *Much Binding in the Marsh*, and his favourite novelist is Dorothy Sayers, though he says he likes biography best.

Friendliness with people in every walk of life comes easily to Philip, but there are still some Palace advisers who will try to curb this "common touch." The danger of being shut in by Palace circles, hemmed in by equerries, is obvious.

This was one complaint about the recent Paris visit. Philip was noticeably bored part of the time, simply because he found himself surrounded by fussing officials.

When the crowd at the Opera roared for the couple to come out on the balcony, Elizabeth and Philip were kept back by over-cautious policemen. When they went to a night club on that disputed Sunday night which so inflamed the conscience of Nonconformist Scotland, the ordinary visitors were shooed away and French policemen served as waiters.

Philip looks with jaundiced eye upon this ivory tower. He knows that he is in danger, as are all people in such positions, of being surrounded by flatterers. He knows that there are many who wish to keep the world from him, and him from the world. But he realizes that the ideal is to break down old taboos, to get closer to the people.

Today he is at a turning point. If he cares to model himself on that other famous consort, Albert, he may do much (and he is ready to try) to bring new merit to the Crown.

It is a difficult job. But Albert understood that although, in terms of State, the Prince Consort could be a helpless man, yet in other ways he could be a great man. Albert was a close adviser to Victoria in delicate negotiations. He created the great exhibition of 1851. He encouraged arts and sciences. He sponsored much of what was best in growing industrial Britain.

For Philip the field is even larger and more significant. The Crown today is closer to the people, much more deeply involved in their affairs. Many of the barriers have gone.

Philip can follow the set routine. He can encourage industry; make public appearances to boost exports; travel abroad to improve our relations with other countries. But he can also go far beyond that.

Though he himself can never take first place in State affairs, he can, by his example, inspire a new outlook, a new revival. He is lean and healthy and six feet tall. He weighs twelve stone thirteen pounds and has eyes that twinkle like a champagne glass. He swims and drives and follows football. He knocks up a modest two figures and is a useful spin bowler. He is happy in a boat and plays a tidy game of darts. In this air age that we live in he says he now wants to learn to fly his own plane.

Man to Bridge the Gap

He has a number of the fresh, companionable, go-ahead qualities which appeal to a jaded nation trying to recapture its youth. And to these he adds the burning sense of the "Mountbatten mission." He has it in him to be a symbol and a torch.

He is peculiarly well fitted to bridge the gap between the old conception of royalty—as higher beings who waved a benevolent and patronizing hand to the cheering populace—and the new Royal Family, who could be more deeply involved in the hopes, feelings and ideals of the people.

The democratic trend in royal relations with the people has been carried far by George V and George VI. Elizabeth and Philip may be destined to complete the job.

Kurt Hahn, looking back on that testimonial he wrote in 1939, must often wonder whether it was not for the Navy but for some greater mission that he wrote:

"Philip will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself. His best is outstanding. His second-best is not good enough. He can, if he tries, show a genius for leadership."

That mission may well be the further adjustment of royalty's position in the general scheme of things in this Britain of ours today.

PHILIP'S OWN VIEW

Claud Morris recently asked Prince Philip whether he intended to follow Prince Albert's example by stimulating industrial and social progress in Britain. Philip's replies showed that:

1 ***He certainly hopes, as time goes on, to play a real part in helping to encourage and sponsor industry as a whole***

2 ***He also intends to take an increasing interest in the conditions in which the British people live and work***

Earl Mountbatten has imbued his nephew with much of his own fervour

Poverty, ignorance, disease. To fight these, Egypt needs a helping hand from outside. Who will give it?

EGYPT LOOKS TWO WAYS

by REGINALD FREESON

Egypt is at a critical crossroads. Now is the time for Britain to encourage level-headed progressives who strive to cast off the thraldom of the Pashas

THE EVENTS IN PALESTINE in the past three months have had strange reactions in neighbouring Egypt.

When the British withdrawal from Palestine began on May 15 and the Egyptian Army invaded southern Palestine, a state of emergency was proclaimed throughout Egypt. Censorship was clamped down and there was indiscriminate arrest of Socialists, liberal reformists, and a few Communists as well as Zionists.

These drastic measures—under cover of an anti-Zionist and anti-semitic campaign—were followed by an appeal for support from Britain. The London Arab Office declared that the Arab peoples were being blackmailed and coerced by Britain into accepting a Jewish state.

But a far different appeal to Britain was voiced to me by a young Egyptian when I was in Cairo recently:

"Britain has a great tradition of democracy, but sometimes she does not realize that democracy is just as necessary to other people—to us in Egypt—as to herself. She ignores those in Egypt who desire reform and the building up of a democratic and prosperous state, continues to bolster up an oppressive ruling class and then wonders why Communist influence grows here.

"It is because Britain will not give us her hand that our young people turn to the Soviet Union. Britain has something far better to give us than the Communist dictatorship which will certainly come if she does not realize soon where her real friends lie."

This young man is one of those who live *between* the two nations which comprise Egypt. On the one side is rich modernity; on the other dirt, decay and squalor, with filth, ignorance and disease a nine-tenths winner in Egyptian life.

Fifty per cent of the population suffer with eye disease. This is largely the birthright of inherited venereal disease but the fly pest helps, too, producing trachoma, rotting the flesh and killing the optic nerve.

Flies are encouraged by the dirt that abounds. Outside the cities and large towns there is no fresh water supply at all, and, in the towns and cities the supply is confined to street or community pumps. Except in the rich quarters!

Fifteen millions out of Egypt's total population of twenty millions can't read or write. From the age of three, four or five the Egyptian city child goes to work or starves—or resorts to petty theft. Only thirty-one per cent of the male and thirty-four per cent of the female population of Egypt are expected to live beyond birth. Repeat—two-thirds of the population die at birth.

A Decadent Country

Bad homes, unemployment, lack of education and an agricultural economy which has broken the back of the peasantry make up the decadence which is Egypt today.

A prosperous town, as compared with most small towns in Egypt, is Ismailia, by Lake Timsah on the Suez Canal, where I stayed on several occasions during the last three years. British troops are stationed there and roughly half the town is out of bounds.

The out of bounds area consists of Arab slums, bearing no possible comparison to the worst slums to be found in Britain. Here are the ruins in which three-quarters of the town's population live—people who will stop at nothing to steal money or goods. Clay, windowless houses harbour donkeys, asses, hens, dogs, cats, babies and animal filth.

West from Ismailia to Cairo and the Nile there is fertile soil. Yet the wealth from Egypt's Nile Valley is more potential than real. Apart from the limited irrigation system there is little attempt at modern farming methods.

Bullocks circle round the well holes, turning the wooden cogwheels, tipping bucket after bucket slowly into spade-dug channels just as they were doing thousands of years ago. Wooden ploughs which scarcely scratch the soil are still used.

The rail trip from Cairo to Amriyah, not far from Egypt's western border, is instructive. As the train approaches a station, a large cluster of "houses" comes into view.

These places look like large rubbish dumps. Pieces of corrugated iron, timber, cardboard, petrol tins, stones and sticks are added together piece by piece by the man of the house and topped with straw, paper and mud for a roof.

As dirt accumulates it is not cleared, for it helps to "weld" together the rest of the rubbish. In a clearing between the houses is the vast bog which serves as a communal lavatory.

This is the real Egypt. This is the Egypt whose ruling pasha class we are accused of supporting. Most of the pasha class will not discuss the question of better conditions. They are not interested in how the people live.

But there is a small but growing number of the well-to-do who *are* interested in bettering the lot of the people. A professional class is growing up in Egypt. Engineers, managers, technicians, skilled workers and an increasing flow of students have a vital personal interest in modernizing Egypt. There is no future for them with their abilities, training and qualifications in a society which is two thousand years behind modern industrial life.

Unfortunately this very group which could give Egypt leadership lacks the vital thing for its success—cohesion. The educated young men and women of Egypt's cities are mentally, spiritually and culturally at sixes and sevens. They do not know what they want to do.

Desire for Progress

Their country is the crossroads of East and West and still retains the economic domination of Britain and France with the shadow of America looming large over the scene. The expensive retail trade of the cities is mostly in the hands of Europeans. Egypt's own rulers are selfish and corrupt.

Nevertheless, there remains the desire to see an Egypt in which compulsory universal education has been introduced and the power of law and order extended into the backward regions of Upper Egypt; with ownership of land limited, decent homesteads built, modern farming equipment brought in, health centres set up.

All these things and many others can be effected if a strong progressive movement arises. But it is doubtful if the leadership will come from those who talk most of the need for reforming. The drive to reform will come, strange as it may seem, probably from without Egypt's borders. Two countries can supply it: Britain or Russia.

Russia, like other countries, has its paid agents in Egypt, closely connected, no doubt, with the Communist underground of which much has been heard during the last few years. But the Communist movement is basically a reaction from conditions native to Egypt. I met Communists in Egypt who had no conception of Marxist philosophy. They team up with the Communist Party because this is the only strongly organized social reform group in Egypt today.

The answer to this lies with Britain. The young people are beginning to look towards Russia because whenever they have looked towards Britain they have felt themselves rebuffed. Britain, they feel, still continues to support the reactionary rulers of the country.

Trailed by Police

My young Egyptian friend whose appeal to Britain I have quoted above was one of the many thousands who were imprisoned after May 15 this year.

Another friend writes in the first letter received since the invasion of Palestine: "My friend! Did I not appeal to you to be careful what you put in your letters to me? The detectives are now watching me. They have been to search my rooms."

The only crime of my imprisoned friend and my frightened correspondent is that they are among those who believe that the social democratic experiment is required in Egypt and the Middle East. But will Britain realize this before it is too late?

It is the word from Britain that Egypt wants and needs. A word that echoes the spirit of the great technical work our people did during the two generations of our occupation; a word, in fact, that echoes the spirit in which scores of hundreds of our young men died in battles which at least assured Egypt's national independence.

The Saint's Well

by Cledwyn Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

After all, cleanliness was next to godliness, surely?

THE HYDRANTS in Cwm village had finally gone dry on a Monday morning. The drought had been on for weeks, yet each morning the accumulation of the night had managed to give a little trickle of water.

And on a Monday, after the quietness of a Sunday, there had always been enough to fill the basins and the boilers and the kettles for washing day.

But this morning Mrs. Watkins, first to the hydrant at seven in the morning, had found that this was the end. Setting her white enamel bucket with a clatter under the rusty hydrant, turning the tap and finding only a groan of air and after that a few drops of muddy water. Falling in plops into the whiteness of her new bucket and leaving dirty smears on the enamelled sides.

For a full half-minute Mrs. Watkins stood by the hydrant. Twisting and turning the tap. Holding in her chin and curling down her bottom lip as the squeaking metal set her teeth on edge. Yet determined to make sure that there was not water, that indeed the tap was dry, that there could be no washing today, for who could wash without water? What was the use of soaps and powders and blue if there was no water?

A last angry wrench at the tap and she was away up the village. The bucket swinging and banging against her thigh. The empty sound from the hollowness reminding her of what had happened, what trouble there was bound to be this day.

Mrs. Watkins knocked up Mrs. Rhys the Butcher. To her, the best friend, she explained the situation. Mrs. Rhys a little sleepy and leaning against the door in early morning tiredness.

"There is no water, Mrs. Rhys bach. Not a thing. Only air and noise comes from the pipes."

Mrs. Rhys smoothing her hand over her face in a sleepy way—

"Only air and noise? That all?"

"That's all, and I think it disgusting that the Council could not do better. Rates up all the time."

"Indeed they are, Mrs. Watkins, and the price of meat controlled all the time. 'Tis awful."

"But what use is meat when there is no water? Tell me that, Mrs. Rhys."

Mrs. Rhys was usually an argumentative woman but early in the morning she had not the heart for a row. Besides, Mrs. Watkins was aggressive in the way she shook the empty bucket. So Mrs. Rhys just nodded slowly.

"True, true. Indeed, you are right."

"Know that I do, Mrs. Rhys."

And with a fierce sniff Mrs. Watkins set the bucket down heavily on the concrete pavement. So that a piece of the enamel off the bucket chipped away and fell a white flake in the dust and sweet-papers of the gutter.

"See, what is the use of fancy pavements if we have no water? Tell me that, Mrs. Rhys."

"Why ask me, Mrs. Watkins?"

"Why? Why, 'cos you are my friend, Mrs. Rhys. And what's more, your husband is a parish councillor, is he not?"

"That is true, Mrs. Watkins, but see now, they have no power with the water. 'Tis the Rural District Council, they who are at fault."

"They, they, is it? Well, next time that surveyor comes round in his hoity-toity air I shall see him, Mrs. Rhys."

"Perhaps it is the drought, Mrs. Watkins? It has been terribly dry of late."

Mrs. Watkins picked up the piece of chipped-off enamel and placed it with a ping into the bucket.

"There has been a drought, Mrs. Rhys, but they do say that in Gwll they are washing cars, mark that. They in the council offices make sure of water to wash their cars. And their hands, too, many times a day with fancy soap."

"True, Mrs. Watkins, true. But what shall we do today for water? We have no river. No brook even. Only the pond in the Home Farm Field."

"Would you like to wash in the pond in the Home Farm Field? It is full of green slime and dancing beetles."

Hearing sounds in the house, Mrs. Rhys started to close the door. But Mrs. Watkins had heard the distant clumping.

"Is that your man getting up, Mrs. Rhys?"

Anxiously Mrs. Rhys looked behind into the darkness of the kitchen..

"'Spect so, Mrs. Watkins. 'Spect so."

"Well, tell him when he comes down that I am going for water."

"Water? Water? Where from, Mrs. Watkins bach?"

"From the Saint's Well below the church."

Mrs. Rhys the Butcher clutched the

Crowding round, they sat the distracted Mrs. Watkins down on an upturned bucket

edge of the door, leaning and swinging on it.

"No, no, you cannot do that. Not that. The water is sacred."

"Sacred or not, I must do my washing. Why, how sweat will smell in clothes in this weather."

And Mrs. Watkins backed away from the door, bucket in hand. Mrs. Rhys ran out to her, stooping to catch the bucket handle. But Mrs. Watkins held it behind her back, the two of them in the middle of the street facing each other.

It was Mrs. Rhys who spoke first.

"Why, 'tis heathen you are, tampering with things of the Almighty."

"Water is water, Mrs. Rhys, and I must do my Monday wash."

"But wait, we all want water yet we do not take that which is sacred."

"Water is water and all was put in the world for us to use."

"But the water from the Saint's Well is only used for healing and for the sick, Mrs. Watkins."

With a defiant swing of her bucket Mrs. Watkins turned her back on Mrs. Rhys, calling over her shoulder:

"And when did anyone get healed there within living memory?"

Mrs. Rhys walking behind and answering:

"Not within memory, true. But all the talk is of the miracles which have been done there in the past."

Walking quickly away, Mrs. Watkins called back:

"Miracles are gone and done with. Old women's talk and no place for them in this time of hospitals."

Mrs. Rhys stopped then and called after Mrs. Watkins, her friend, going to do this profane thing:

"May God be with you, Mrs. Watkins. May He have mercy on you for tampering with that which He has made His own."

"Cleanliness is next to godliness, Mrs. Rhys, remember that."

MRS. RHYS turned away then and went slowly back to her own house. Mrs. Watkins went on and up the village to the Vicarage Field. There, towards where, in the corner, the Saint's Well was always full of clear sparkling water. Never freezing in the winter. And never going dry in any summer heat. But never touched by any village people for this was the water of God, and made to cure the most awful ills in the old days.

Even Mrs. Watkins had a little qualm in her heart as she crossed the stile at the bottom of the field. For she was a woman of religion herself and it was from her garden every Sunday that the altar flowers came. But water was water and washing was washing, and water was all in the world for man to use. Consoling herself so, she went up to the well.

The Saint's Well was set in a corner just below the stone wall of the churchyard. Set around with stone paving and half-arched over with the same grey stone as the church wall itself. Hawthorns made into a hedge around it all, with a wooden wicket to get in and out. The place kept clean and tidy by the Sexton, though the Vicar had no love for old ways and old things. And had more faith in a golf club than a healing hand.

Mrs. Watkins lifted the latch of the wicket and went in. The hedge all around, keeping the place cool from the morning sun. A kind of green coolness there and long cobwebs in the branches of the hawthorn.

She put her bucket on the flagstones around the edge of the well, and looked down into the water.

It was so clear that, even in the half-light from the high hedge and the archway of stone, the bottom could be seen. Pebbles and gravel and stones magnified into fantastic shapes. Not a weed growing in it. Not a leaf floating on it. No

Continued on next page

MUCH BINDING ON THE ROOF

by HUBERT COLE

George Marjoram works with wale and sedge and leggett and liggers and brotches. It sounds complicated—and it is!

AROUND DECEMBER or January, after the first frosts, they begin to cut the single wales: the one-year-old reeds which grow along the watery edges of the Norfolk Broads. In June they cut the sedge: the reeds and rushes and rank grasses which grow on the marshland. And all the year round George Marjoram, on top of a ladder, attaches a lot of one and a little of the other to roofs all over the country.

George is a thatcher in an increasingly big way of business.

He began thatching at fourteen and is now thirty-eight. Even Army service, when he was a sergeant-major with the King's African Rifles, did not completely break the chain. There was the time at the Reinforcement Depot in Burma when, to keep his hand in, he made a thatched roof of elephant grass for a canteen. A wind came along three days later and blew the bamboo supports down, but George's roof was still intact after it hit the ground.

Thatching in reed, no man expects to roof the same place twice in a lifetime. Properly laid, the reed should last from sixty to a hundred years and needs only an occasional brush down with a leggett to remove the weathered ends.

George starts at the eaves, pegging his bundles of reed with a needle, laying the sways across the reeds and pinning them into the rafters with hooks, working right across the roof and then on the course above. For caps, chimneys and window breasts he uses sedge, held with brotches and liggers.

The vocabulary is as old as the craft. A leggett is a nine-inch square of wood, studded with flattened horseshoe nails and mounted on a handle. It is used to drive the reeds in level, after they have been placed by hand.

The needle, two foot six inches of steel with a hole at each end, was originally used to stitch the bundles of reed in place and was threaded with anything from blackberry brambles to tarred twine. George says it was for this sort of needle, not the little domestic thing, that clumsy thatchers had to search in haystacks.

Bound with Hazel

Now that the reeds are fixed to the rafters with iron hooks, the needle is used only to keep the bundles in position while they are being laid. Sways and brotches and liggers are hazel rods of varying lengths, some split and pointed and twisted, and all used to bind the reed.

George's first job when he started as an apprentice in North Walsham in 1924 was carrying bunches of reed, two at a time, up the ladder to the thatcher. With practice he worked this up to six bunches at a time and then moved on to the actual thatching along the eaves. Here he picked up the trade quickly, thanks to natural aptitude and the fact that "if you didn't, the man you were with bashed you about. A thatcher is always carrying a sway or a hook or something he can lay about him with."

For this, George was paid 15s. a week. Today apprentices in George's company get a starting wage of £6 10s. A skilled man can earn from £9 to £12 a week.

George formed himself into a limited company called Norfolk Reed Thatchers when he came back from the war, going into partnership with businessman Harold Salkilld, who looks after the organization while George gets up on the roof and does the thatching and training. They get more work than they can handle, since thatching is booming now after a prewar depression.

There is plenty of material for them to work with, but they cannot train the men fast enough—or find enough of the right men.

The cost of thatching with reed is high; about three times that of straw. An ordinary three- or four-bedroomed house would cost about £300 to thatch, provided it did not have too many dormers or twiddly bits to complicate the work.

In return for the high cost, the customer gets a roof which has not only a pleasant appearance but also durability and a high degree of insulation. Thatch is nearly eight times as resistant to changes of temperature as clay tiles and thirteen times as resistant as slate. With a thatched roof you keep the house cooler in summer and have no fear of burst pipes in the winter.

Straw Won't Last as Long

A straw roof is laid almost flat, with a foot or more of straw exposed to the wind and rain, with the result that it rapidly deteriorates. Twenty-five years used to be the average life of a straw thatch, but modern methods of threshing have weakened the straw to such an extent that a roof will now barely last more than fifteen to twenty years. "Devon reed," a straw which is being specially cultivated and only the ears threshed, may last ten years more than that.

Norfolk reed, on the other hand, is laid at a much deeper angle and is tougher stuff. The reed varies in length from three feet to eight feet and none is exposed more than a couple of inches. Consequently, as the ends become affected by the weather, they can be trimmed off with the leggett, and the depth of the roof is scarcely lessened at all. If any of his roofs need relaying after less than sixty years, George will be very disappointed.

The grains of corn left in straw thatch attract birds, mice and rats, but George has never found a rat or a mouse in a reed thatch in all his twenty-four years. The other popular argument against thatched roofs, that they increase risks of fire, is one which George's partner, Harold Salkilld, is busy trying to dispel.

He has demonstrated with blowlamps played full on the roof and he has offered to build a specimen model roof for the fire research people to test. All the reeds are soaked in a fireproofing liquid before they are laid.

But the public, and particularly the insurance companies, still shake their heads. Fire insurance on a house thatched with straw is 10s. per cent; on a reed thatch, if you argue long enough, 5s. per cent; on an ordinary tiled house, 1s. 6d. per cent.

Salkilld claims that most fires start inside the house, among the wooden rafters which are as common a feature in tiled houses as in thatched ones. He points to the last job George did before moving over to thatch four cottages in Jersey: a public house near Northolt Airfield, where the first floor was gutted by an incendiary long before the reed roof caught fire.

Thatcher Marjoram aloft. New roof costs about £300, lasts a lifetime

Despite the insurance rates, the thatching trade is expanding. Aneurin Bevan, with the aim of encouraging rural industries, is taking great interest in a training school for thatchers in Devon reed. There are probably five hundred skilled straw thatchers in the country; not more than twenty regular thatchers in reed.

George has three trainees working under him at the moment. One, whom George calls Popaloftski or Mike, is a Pole. Mike did straw thatching in Poland before the Germans interned him, the Americans freed him, the Eighth Army enlisted him, the Russians evicted his family to Germany, and the part of Germany where they now live became Poland again.

With his past experience, Mike has picked up the job quickly, but most apprentices need three years of training and another five or six years before they are thoroughly skilled.

Must Know How to Fall

Unless they can work conscientiously, trainees are no good for thatching, where there is no piece work and no supervision. They also have to have a head for heights and a knack of falling softly. George has fallen off roofs many times. Once, in an old barn where he was working on the inside of the roof, he had just begun to climb down a rope when the knot gave way. He fell thirty feet but did not hurt himself "beyond perhaps jolting a couple of inches off my height."

His only major injury came when he was thatching a roadhouse on the Barnet By-Pass. He fell off the roof and into a tank. His mate looked down from the roof, said: "That's not big enough to learn to swim in," and went on with his work. There was only six inches of water in the tank and George broke his arm.

"Which," says George, referring as much to his mate's reactions as his own, "shows that you need a nice equable disposition to be a thatcher."

THE SAINT'S WELL: from previous page

scum, no slime and the surface a kind of half-mirror. So that, looking down, Mrs. Watkins could see her own face, with the pebbles and the gravel and the stone moulded into it.

There was time even now to draw back, to change her mind and leave the washing until the day that the Council should send water in barrels. Do as all the neighbours would do.

It was not so much now the want of the water for washing that drove her on. Rather she would not give in. Would not go back with an empty bucket to Mrs. Rhys. For she would have told all the village and they would be waiting for her.

She went on her knees, the bucket in her hand. Seeing the smooth edge of the paving stones nearest the water almost made her change her mind again, for it was said that the stone had been worn rounded and smooth by all the sick bodies which had been slipped into the well.

With a sudden quick movement Mrs. Watkins dipped the edge of the bucket in the well. The weight of the water pulled the bucket down and she let it sink till the rim was level with the water. Then, with a quick heave, she pulled the bucket up. Setting it on the stones, the water swilling and flapping on to the flags and back into the well. There the surface of the water disturbed into little lapping circles.

She waited until the water was still and level again and then she picked up her bucket quickly and went back the way she had come to Cwm village.

There, by now, the eight o'clock life had come to the place. The rest of the women were up and even as Mrs. Watkins climbed the stile at the bottom of the field, she could see that the women were in a line by the hydrant with buckets and hand-baths.

Water was spouting from the mouth of the hydrant and she could see the careless way the women wasted it. Leaving it overflow away down the grating and turning half the street to a greyness with spilt water as they carried it to the houses.

SLOWLY she went up to them. Changing her bucket from hand to hand with the weight of it. One of the women shouted: "Here she comes."

And with that they set their buckets and hand-baths down, turned to watch Mrs. Watkins as she came labouring down the street with the white bucket. The white bucket full of water from the Saint's Well.

Hardly a sound from the women as Mrs. Watkins came up to them. Only the trickle of water from the sink grating.

Mrs. Watkins set her bucket down before them. Called out to them all:

"What has happened? Where has the water in the hydrants come from?"

It was her friend, Mrs. Rhys the Butcher, who answered.

"'Tis from the town supply. At eight o'clock they connected up to the Gwll supply. There is plenty of water, now."

"Plenty of water?"

One of the other women answered.

"Ay, Mrs. Watkins. Quite plenty. A little patience you need. You going to the hydrant at seven in the morning to be first with the water."

Mrs. Watkins had no reply to that. And she was glad that the other women were starting to turn the tap on again. Starting to lift and carry the buckets.

Mrs. Rhys come out from the crowd and across to Mrs. Watkins. Pointing down at the bucket. "You got it, then?"

"I did."

"You will not use it? You will pour it away?"

"Not I. I have carried it all the way

"Go!"

and I will use it." At this, Mrs. Rhys nodded towards the women.

"They are shocked. They say that even the little birds do not drink from the Saint's Well."

"Neither am I going to drink it."

"But worse, you will spoil its beauty with soapsuds and dirty clothes."

But it was no use Mrs. Rhys arguing or pleading. Mrs. Watkins was stubborn now and she went off to her cottage with the enamel bucket still full of the sacred water.

Mrs. Watkins lived alone, her husband having died of pneumonia. Caught when he had been roadman, and out in all weathers. So that the house was empty when she went into it. No fire lit and the supper things still on the table after last night.

She set the bucket down in the back kitchen, closing the door on it while she lit the fire and cleared the living-room. When the fire was roaring she took the great black kettle through to the back kitchen. Took off the heavy lid and poured in some of the water from the white bucket.

And all the time she sang a little verse of a hymn, as if in defiance and as a sort of protection for this dreadful thing she had dared to do.

She set the kettle on the fire and went again into the back kitchen to sort out the dirty linen. Wishing with all her heart that she had running water in the house so that she could be independent of the hydrants and have no ache in her shoulder at the end of a Monday.

It was when Mrs. Watkins started to pour the boiling water from the kettle into the dolly tub that she noticed the strange colour. The water was a kind of angry green, like the sea had been the day she had gone on the Church Choir trip, on the wet day last summer. She thought at first that it was the light, or that her eyes were playing tricks with her after all the strain she had been through that morning.

And she had some doubt whether she was doing the right thing to pour the water on the clothes. Washing from Jonah the Garage, he who had a wife crippled with arthritis and quite unable to blow even her own nose, let alone tackle a week's washing. And linen, too, from the Vicar, he who was a bachelor and fended for himself entirely except for doing his laundry.

Mrs. Watkins had a half thought to pour away this coloured water, to empty the kettle and the bucket and start again with fresh water from the hydrant. But she had a pride and a determination in this thing. And besides, a whole big kettleful of hot water was not to be wasted on a Monday.

She poured in the last drops of water and took off the lid. A great hiss of steam came up, as if a volcano had been uncapped. The main force of it missed her face, though it caught the electric bulb and the glass shattered and came down in tiny tinkling pieces on her head. The steam quite filled the room, so that she had to open the back door before she could look again into the kettle.

Mrs. Watkins was a little frightened now, thinking that perhaps some old saint had escaped from the water or that some little devil was left inside the kettle, enjoying the new-found heat.

She looked inside carefully. There was only a white sediment there.

Mrs. Watkins put more water in and set the kettle again on the fire. Went to the dolly tub, rolling up her sleeves and pleased that all was well. That there were no devils or saints in her house and that she could go on with her washing while the other village women would have to stand patiently in a queue at the hydrant.

But all was not well. And Mrs. Watkins herself must have been in a bad state of nerves to do what she did next. She must have been all tensed up inside, expecting something evil to happen now that she had dared to use the water from the Saint's Well.

THE first the village women knew about it was hearing a great yell from the cottage. A great shouting, and after that the back door suddenly opened and Mrs. Watkins came running down the street.

"People, I am ruined."

As if by instinct she ran up to the hydrant, there where Mrs. Rhys the Butcher, was filling her third bucket with the other people standing behind her.

On the instant Mrs. Rhys knew that there was trouble; that Mrs. Watkins had sinned and that now she was paying for it.

In much curiosity the women gathered round Mrs. Watkins and sat her down on an upturned bucket. She with her hair coming down in strands as she beat her hands on her head.

Mrs. Rhys shook her by the shoulders.

"Now, Mrs. Watkins, tell us now, what is it that has happened? Has the Devil himself come to your home this washing day?"

"Dear no, it is worse than that, all the Vicar's washing is ruined, quite spoilt, and I am ruined, too."

The women tried to soothe her, and after that they led her up to her own back kitchen to hear the story.

There Mrs. Watkins sat herself on a stool and said:

"Neighbours, look into my tub, all the clothes are ruined."

Mrs. Rhys the Butcher reached in and drew up one of the Vicar's collars between thumb and finger. All could see that it was indeed ruined, for what should have been white was now a horrible shade of green.

One by one Mrs. Rhys drew out the collars and the shirts, the vests and the long underpants. And if they had been dyed to order they could not have been more of the same colour; this green of an angry sea.

It was lucky that Jonah the Garage had not brought his dirty linen early that week. For he only now appeared in his car and as soon as she saw him Mrs. Rhys sent him away to fetch the Vicar.

The Vicar came not in the car, but on his tricycle. He a man who could play football and cricket and run miles across country, but could not balance himself upright on a bicycle. He came quickly and the women waited to hear what he had to say.

They showed him first his linen.

The collars he said he would have to throw away, but the rest he would try to wear.

And then he asked Mrs. Watkins what had she done, why had this happened?

"Was it wrong blue, or have you put in some chemical?"

Mrs. Watkins had to tell him then.

"I have sinned, I have used water from the Saint's Well."

The Vicar smacked his large red hands together. He was somewhat dramatic as well as athletic. Though on this occasion it would have served him better to have been less of an actor. It must have been that his wrist watch was loosely buckled, for it fell now with a tinkle of its metal strap into the tub of water.

It was Mrs. Rhys who got it out, using a kitchen poker.

The Vicar took his wet watch, put it in his pocket and clapped his hands again, as if for the first time.

"Oh, bless my soul, you are a fool to use that water for washing, Mrs. Watkins."

MRS. WATKINS had got off her stool and was standing meekly before him. "I know, sir. I was a real fool to tamper with God's water."

"Indeed you are. That water is full of chemicals, deeply impregnated with various medical salts. It is these which have ruined my clothes."

Mrs. Watkins started to laugh then, hysterically. They had to slap her face and hold her until she calmed. And all she could say was:

"'Tis only a chemical and not a curse."

But all the people say that she has been lucky, using sacred water and suffering no bodily ill. Though many of the older people say that doubtless she is damned for eternity and her torment is to come.

Be that as it may, she is quite well and happy, having reached the age for her pension and doing only the washing of Jonah the Garage. He seems to trust her, not worrying overmuch, what with all the oil and grease, whether his clothes come back white or green.

But the Vicar cycles in each Monday to the market town, his laundry done up in a neat parcel for the big laundry there. And Mrs. Rhys's cousin, a cheeky girl who works in the steam of that place, says that the parson's underwear is famous among all the staff, for the green colour each fortnight becomes gayer and brighter. Except, that is, for a patch on one of the flannel shirts which has turned blue, there where the Vicar has been experimenting with some cleaner.

He has suffered the most from this trespass on the water of the Saint's Well. But then, perhaps, this water which once made miracles should have been a little nearer his heart. He who loved games but knew nothing of miracles.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Crisis Over!

A KEEPER of monkeys laid down that each monkey was to be rationed to three chestnuts in the morning and four at night. But at this the monkeys became angry, so the keeper said they might have four in the morning and three at night—and they were well pleased.

I've come across this story in the writings of a Chinese mystic who lived some three thousand years ago. He adds this comment: "The actual number of chestnuts remained the same, but the problem was solved by an adaptation to the likes and dislikes of all concerned."

Now I think that's profound wisdom. Many human problems today could be peaceably solved by its sincere application. For, whatever else changes, human nature remains much the same through the ages.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

FIFTH ARTICLE IN THE SPECIAL JOHN BULL SERIES, BEHIND THE SCENES OF FAMOUS TRIALS

Signature gave them away

C. E. BECHHOFER ROBERTS

reconstructs the sensational forgery case that disclosed all but the identity of the forger

William Cooper Hobbs, Uriah Heep type who had Clarkson under thumb

Willie Clarkson, wigmaker with a penchant for Oriental fancy dress

Edmond O'Connor, Hobbs's accessory and a far from reputable solicitor

EVERYBODY IN THEATRICAL circles all over the world is familiar with the name and personality of Willie Clarkson. As a theatrical costumier and wigmaker he catered during the first thirty-odd years of this century not merely for the West End stage but also for fancy-dress balls, pageants, amateur theatricals and the like.

In person he was a grotesque, effeminate dwarf with a huge head, a hooked nose, a bushy beard which he dyed, and a high-pitched voice; he postured in the stalls at every London first night, bowing and waving to his wide circle of acquaintances. When he himself attended a fancy-dress ball at the Albert Hall or Covent Garden, his costume was always a marvel of sumptuous showmanship, with a characteristic leaning towards such Oriental characters as rajahs and grand viziers.

He was generally regarded as a simple and rather comic little man, but in fact he was fundamentally dishonest, not towards his customers, to whom, on the contrary, he was often markedly generous, as many a young actor could testify, but in his dealings with insurance companies.

From about 1928 he made several heavy claims on them for fire losses, and received compensation; but when, in 1934, the companies suddenly began to question him about these—somebody had talked too freely in prison — he died under suspicious circumstances. There can be little doubt that he committed suicide.

One of his advisers was a certain William Cooper Hobbs, who in his own wicked way was just as picturesque a character. Hobbs, who came from a very respectable family and manifested considerable intelligence, was ostensibly a solicitor's clerk. He was possessed of a very wide and acute knowledge of the law, which served him admirably for a long time but eventually contributed to his downfall.

Like Uriah Heep (also a solicitor's clerk), he pretended to be very humble; it was Hobbs's custom to find a qualified solicitor who was either too old for professional practice or who had retired under a cloud and to use him as a figurehead for his own business, which ranged from moneylending to rank blackmail.

It is certain that Hobbs had Clarkson under his thumb; so there was no reason for surprise when, at the little man's death, it was found that Hobbs was named as one of the executors of his will.

This will, which was dated 1927, was badly drawn and, if it had held water, the bulk of the estate, which was estimated at about £30,000, would have passed to the Crown.

Hobbs, however, told Clarkson's official solicitors, a reputable City firm, that he had reason to believe that the dead man had made another will in 1929; it had been drafted, said Hobbs, by a man named Mitchell, now dead, who was a clerk employed by another solicitor, Edmond O'Connor, and the said O'Connor was doubtless in possession of the original.

Bulk "Legacy" to Hobbs!

The reputable solicitors wrote off at once to O'Connor, who was far from being so reputable. After O'Connor's firm had reported no trace, O'Connor himself wrote a few days later to announce that the will had been found after all.

What was particularly interesting about it was that the bulk of the estate, after a few small legacies to various employees, went to Hobbs! Clarkson's signature to it had been witnessed by O'Connor himself and by Mitchell.

Hobbs lodged the newly-found document for probate and, had all gone well, would have been the richer by at least £25,000. But things did not go well.

It was observed, for example, that some of the employees' names were incorrectly stated in the will; moreover, there was something suspicious about the signature to it and about a typed letter dated November, 1933, which Hobbs had lodged with it.

This contained the following sentences over Clarkson's signature: "I am pleased you spoke to me today. I have tried many times lately to speak to you. I beg and urge you not to keep away from here. I have endeavoured to provide for you if anything happens to me; hence your close interest in me." (Most people might have thought the last remark somewhat unflattering to Hobbs, but then everybody knew that Willie Clarkson was inclined to be a little spiteful. Hobbs was such an experienced lawyer that he did not worry about this insult, as a layman might have done: He realized that the apparent calumny would impress experts in his favour.)

The Director of Public Prosecutions was informed; handwriting experts examined the will and the letter, and as a result Hobbs and O'Connor were indicted at the Old Bailey in March, 1938, with forging and uttering the will.

The newly-appointed Recorder of London, Mr. (now Sir) Gerald Dodson, tried the case.

Handwriting experts would say, the prosecution submitted, that the ostensible signature to the will was a clumsy forgery, while the letter I have quoted above with the cynical remark about Hobbs's interest in the testator would be shown to have been typed above a genuine signature, but the original pencil writing on the notepaper had been chemically removed and the typing then inserted.

The defence endeavoured to show—and in this it was partly successful—that Clarkson had been both a very eccentric and a very mean man. Witnesses agreed that it was not inconceivable that a man who washed out his own handkerchiefs and socks to save laundry bills might have cleaned a used sheet of writing-paper with bread or a bleaching material and used it again to write a letter.

The defence did not do quite so well when it came to discussing the little wigmaker's relations with Hobbs: witnesses stated that he sometimes dodged out of his premises by a back door when Hobbs was announced as a visitor.

As for the queried letter, none of Clarkson's typists could remember typing it, and they were very doubtful whether their employer owned a typewriter or could use one.

All this, of course, would not have established the prisoners' guilt beyond reasonable doubt, but the evidence of the handwriting experts took the matter much further.

The first of these, Mr. Gurrin, who had succeeded his father as the most prominent English specialist in this kind of work, stated that the signature on the will was not written in the normal way but was a carefully constructed piece of writing which must have taken half an hour to make. He proved this by showing with greatly enlarged photographs that the pen had been lifted many times in the writing—or "painting" as he called it.

What He Really Wrote

Gurrin also showed by other photographs taken with ultra-violet rays that the original writing on the typed letter (which, as we know, bore a genuine signature), was a request to a bank to let Clarkson know the amount of money standing to his credit and the bank's reply to this; all this had been expunged with some chemical and the letter then typed on it.

On the fourth day of the trial, Hobbs went into the witness-box. He was a sick man and had already collapsed

Continued on page 15

There's Gold In These Sands

by HARRY HOPKINS

In Blackpool, Lady Luck smiles for some people all the time, while opportunity knocks like a machine gun. . . . Fortunes have been made by men with ideas, and there's still room for others

THE SHUTTLES CLATTER to a halt, the bobbins stop their dance, the shops put up their shutters. . . . Blackpool, as ever, is waiting. Across the flat lands of the Fylde, its Tower beckons Britain's champion export workers as it beckoned their fathers. Blackpool understands them. Blackpool is theirs: a self-made city of self-made men.

In 1876 Blackpool was sand, grey waves, a wind off the sea. Rateable value: £76,800. Today, unrolling like toothpaste from a flattened tube, its variegated multi-coloured miles of concrete can swallow up half a million, sleep three hundred thousand. Rateable value: £1,800,000.

This is a city built on a thousand success stories. And the greatest of them is the story of its symbol and its trademark, its Tower.

On a showery day, not too wet, not too fine, at the height of the season, the "in" turnstiles at the Tower may click sixty thousand times.

But when those girders were thrusting up into the Lancashire sky, and little John Harry Clegg was leaving his job in the skittle alley to become a programme boy at the Tower for a shilling a day, things weren't looking so good. The London debenture holders camped on the doorstep, howling for their money back. Local men put more money in—and kept it in. It was an act of faith in Lancashire.

Today the same John Harry Clegg, quiet, greyhaired, Tower Company secretary and director, presides over a staff of 1,600 who dispense every sort of entertainment and refreshment in every sort of setting from "Alpine" to "Tudor." The Tower Company is an entertainment colossus, bestraddling Blackpool. Its £1 shares stand at over £7.

Clegg sets the pattern of the Blackpool success story. He worked his way up the hard way: turnstile man, billiard marker, counting-house clerk, theatrical booking assistant. When the cinema arrived—at the tail-end of variety shows—he grasped its possibilities, learned operating.

He watched Harry Lauder and Wilkie Bard and Vesta Tilley packing 'em in, and Florrie Forde setting 'em singing, year after year. "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?". . .

These days, he says, variety stars aren't so versatile. And anyway radio-trained audiences won't wait for costume changes. But at least he's gratified that Miss Blandish has to share the Winter Gardens with "Old Tyme Dancing."

Start of the Camping Craze

With the Tower rose the men. Blackpool blares with Success. Its sands can turn to gold, if you treat them right. . . .

In the late twenties the sandhill desert to the south was covered with tents and caravans. The camping craze was on. A small local builder named Roger Pye watched the phenomenon with interest. The fine sand got into tents, inside clothes, inside food. But still the tents spread outwards. People, it seemed, would suffer much to gain informality, a change.

Roger Pye absorbed the lesson. In 1933 he and three friends put in £25 apiece, formed a company to rent, at £1,000 a year, a forty-acre desert. Then Pye started to build huts. Each year he added more. His city grew and the holidaymakers filled it.

Pye had worked in California. So when he added a restaurant, then a ballroom, a club, a swimming pool, a crèche, he introduced into his city a Californian motif. People sampled the new sort of holiday, liked it, told their friends. It was still the pre-Butlin era. "In fact," boasts Pye, "Billy used to come here to pick up tips."

Today the original £100 sown among the sandhills has grown to a capital of £200,000, and the 5s. shares of the Squires Gate Holiday Camp stand at 14s. 6d. Roger Pye still spends most of his time on the job, watching his two thousand guests and their four hundred children with benevolent eye. "The first three days," he says, "you've got to feed them like blazes. . . .

"The future? It's my considered opinion that holiday camping is still in its infancy. . . . See those kiddies over there. There's your answer. If they get a good time, their parents do, too. I've got three myself. I know. . . ."

The Wakes Weeks work up to their crescendo. The crowds pour from the stations, pockets bulging with slate club savings, determined to have a good time. On the jam-packed flagstones of Central Promenade you can make a fortune on a square yard—and lose it as quickly. For the crowds are fickle.

The garish "Kiss-Me-Quick" hats—their haloes made from old X-ray film—made a fortune for someone last year. They're out this year. But the little trilbies with the long feather, a drug on the market last year, are going well now.

Trippers are the Backbone

On No. 1 Central Promenade, Councillor John Heap, women's garment maker, is having beginner's luck, striking it rich with his ex-Navy sailor hats. The four girls on his stand are handing them out as fast as they can—at 2s. 6d. a time.

"That's nothing," says E. V. Standerwick, owner of these golden yards of Blackpool frontage. "These folk are 'stayers.' Now you should see it when the trippers are here. The trippers are the backbone of the hat business. He'll sell thousands in a day then."

The crowds roll away, flecked with the white tops of Councillor Heap's hats. You can almost watch his bank balance running up. And he's just closing another big hat deal. "I can't tell you what it is yet, but it's a beautiful hat, a beautiful hat. Not only a comic hat, but a hat you'd be glad to wear at home."

Get Your Fairy Floss. . . . Don't Be Misled, This is Uncle Harry's. . . . Always Some Little Organism Going Wrong. . . . Look After Your Mother, She's Always Looked After You. . . . Cures That Distressing Feeling of Fulness After Eating. . . .

Mr. Standerwick takes my arm, earnestly. "Look this way," he says. "Then look that way. Just look at them. They'll always come here, whatever anybody says. They love it, whatever anybody says."

The raucous voices compete against each other. *See the Bearded Woman. See the Plate-lipped Woman. See the 139-year-old Woman. See the Giraffe-necked Woman. See the Ugliest Couple in the World: All Comers Welcome to Compete Against Our Couple.*

Surrounded quaintly by "shrunken

Men who've made a fortune: the Hawtin brothers make automatic machines, juke boxes—and false teeth. "Almost every penny that drops goes to them"

Boys who may make a fortune: Jack Holden, fourteen, in red blazer, and Alwyn Cope, eleven. They carry bags in wheelbarrow made from a fish box

human heads" and decomposed Siamese twins, Epstein's "Adam," which made £8,000 for its owner within six weeks of its purchase in 1939 for £1,150, still pulls 'em in. Art Exhibitor Charles Stafford, grey-haired sixty-one year old gold-mine company director, who made a Blackpool corner in Epstein, tells me: "All I want now is peace and quiet. My children have taken over the business."

Magnificent as a Love Affair, Spectacular as an Earthquake, Tremendous as a Tidal Wave—comment the loudspeakers.

Farther along the golden mile, Harold Lane, of Lane's Arcade, is congratulating himself on having just closed a deal to secure sole Blackpool rights of a new slot-machine to fill petrol-lighters. The machines cost £47 10s. apiece, but in Blackpool should cover that in a year.

A Fair Crack of the Whip

From his Bordesley Green coffee shop, Lane's father brought the first slot-machines to Central Beach thirty years ago. Ask the old man his recipe for success and he'll tell you:

"Give the public a fair crack of the whip. And watch them. The public are funny. We had four twenty-two-men football machines. They used to do very well. Then suddenly they went flat. The public wouldn't look at them. So we put them away. Now they're taking wonderful money again. You never can tell. The public decides every time."

"But this year," adds Harold Lane, "There're twice as many competing for half as much money."

You hear that all along the Front. People are watching their money again. "Getting back to normal," comments W. Foster, the town's Director of Attractions, bravely. "A healthy sign." But the new hands who bought boarding-houses in the boom at £1,000 a bedroom aren't feeling quite so philosophic.

If the shillings are short, there's always the pennies. In Blackpool you can build a lot on pennies. Go to the throbbing Hawtin Engineering Works on the Preston New Road and you'll see one—magnified many times—embedded in the marble floor of the entrance hall. That's the Hawtin crest. Around its edge a serrated wheel and a trip—the mechanism of an automatic machine.

The four Hawtin brothers were craftsmen sons of a twenty-five-shillings-a-week Coventry house-painter. They knew what it was to be on the dole. When the slump hit Coventry, they came north, as others had before them, to seek a new start in Blackpool. They would make automatic machines—in the heart of the automatic machine kingdom.

Today three hundred men maintain their machines. Almost every other time a penny drops in Blackpool, it adds its mite to the Hawtin fortune. And in the throbbing factory on the Preston road, seven hundred men and girls are making silencers for tractors and cars, the only British-made juke boxes, and ten million plastic teeth a year.

The Hawtins are Blackpool-made. At forty-six, Frank Hawtin is suave, alert, quick-talking, the up-to-the-minute business chief, American style.

"No scope these days?" he says. "That's fantastic. With new techniques all the time, the difficulty is to dodge new development, not to seek it. I can never really understand how people fail."

Blackpool Can Be Cruel

"I still believe," he goes on, "in the better mousetrap. But if you don't make that better mousetrap, Blackpool can be cruel. You have to succeed quickly. You've just a few months of the year. Every time I go to America, I think how like being back in Blackpool it is. . . ."

Down on the promenade the accents of Accrington and Oswaldtwistle give way to those of Pendlebury and Swinton, of Preston and of Huddersfield. But in this town resemblances matter more than differences. All crowds are hungry crowds. Eating is as much a part of Blackpool as comic hats.

Meat rationing cut out the ritual roast beef, created Opportunity. An ex-promenade pieman, Tony Cololuca, seized it, rose to fame on a sea of fish and chips.

Fish-and-Chip Empire

Today, from his scented office and his Tudor-style mansion, built for George Formby, this Manchester man, who twelve years ago was spending his last five shillings on a ticket to Blackpool, directs a fish-and-chip empire of fourteen enormous, gleaming restaurants, a vast acreage of white tablecloths awaiting the locust hordes.

"This way for fish and chips . . . children half-price," intone the tall doormen (£8 a week) in chefs' hats. TONY'S, proclaims the yard-high lettering on the green restaurant-fronts. *Fish and Chips. Good Food and Plenty. Roast Joint and Chipped Potatoes. Bag of Chips to Take Out, 6d.*

Within, the white ranks of Tony's fryers (£10 a week) and waitresses (£5 a week) await the assault.

Blackpool watches the spread of Tony's Enterprises with wonder. The town buzzes with talk about the new star. Where did he come from? Where is he going? What's he making? Who's behind him? Will he last?

The crowds, sweeping along, couldn't care less. But they are the arbiters. It is they who make or break.

Everybody in Blackpool knows that, and none better than Mrs. Rhodes-Marshall. These days the "chara" is an accepted part of every seaside holiday; her husband, William Rhodes-Marshall, is president of the Chamber of Commerce. But sitting in the little office, behind the white coaches, behind the row of painted "tour" boards, counting the takings, Mrs. Marshall will tell you about the days when you "practically had to stand on the front there and speak to every single person that passed and *persuade* them to try a trip."

Those were the days when the little father-and-son firm was graduating from the hire of penny-farthings and bassinettes. Then they got their first Daimler, and ran sixpenny trips to the North Pier and back, just for the thrill of the thing.

In the end, the public gave "thumbs up" to the "motor waggonette." All those pioneer coach drivers founded their own firms. They rose with Blackpool and the petrol engine. They seized their opportunity.

Outside Talbot Road Station, Jack Holden, aged fourteen, in his red council school blazer, and Alwyn Cope, aged eleven, are seizing theirs, too. They stand in the torrent of homing holiday-makers, their carts at the ready. Business is slow today. "Wheel your bag, sir? Take your bags?" So far Alwyn's made 1s. 11d., Jack only 6d. You have to start early, says Jack. They all come early to avoid the rush.

Birth of Another Success?

How did they get the idea? A big lad in their street—only he carried the bags. They went one better. Jack got a fish-box, painted it blue, clapped it on wheels and an axle from Billy Smith's. Alwyn's dad found him an ancient white pram. Sometimes they push bags right from the station to the boarding-house. South Shore was Alwyn's longest haul. He got 2s. 6d. for that.

The birth of another Blackpool success story. . . . And the end? Who can say?

In his home in well-to-do Whitegrave Drive, seventy-eight year old James Pablo, ice cream king, leans back in his easy chair and says: "I've had enough publicity. I've retired." James Pablo was born in a circus. He came to Blackpool forty years ago and got a job as a street-sweeper. Then he started to sell ice cream. In 1946, he sold his business, Pablos of Blackpool. The price: £70,000.

Across the flat lands of the Fylde, the Tower, symbol of this city of success, sends out its invitation to the fortune-seekers. Here, it proclaims, are half a million pockets full of money.

Come and get it!

FREE SPEECH

Readers write this week of muddle in our export drive; undergraduates who go abroad to do jobs that need doing in Britain; and traffic posters that may be dangerous

NONE WILL QUESTION the need for Britain's export drive as long as it is sensibly directed. But what sense is there in exporting English flannel, the best in the world, at 32s. a yard while at the same time we import inferior Czech flannel to be sold at £3 10s. a yard?—LOUIS STENNING, 85 Harehills Avenue, Leeds, 8.

Student Labour

THIS SUMMER HUNDREDS of British university students will go to the Continent on paid holidays. They will lay bricks and mix cement in Bulgaria, repair roads in Yugoslavia, clean ditches in Holland and lay new roads in Norway.

Good! But what about all these things that need doing in Britain? Picking grapes in the South of France, too, sounds delightful—provided our own crops are not left to rot!—MRS. M. HILTON, 39 Grantham Road, Sleaford, Lincs.

"Jimp" Leads Children Astray

WHOEVER CREATED the "traffic jimp" certainly knows little about children. Most children, when reading a comic, look at the pictures and the captions, but will ignore the paragraphs beneath.

They'll do exactly the same when looking at "traffic jimp" posters. They will see a small creature tempting them to do the wrong thing, and they won't bother to read the warning underneath. How much better to have created a character like Jiminy Cricket who would persuade them in the right direction. The "jimp" might be more subtle—but children don't look for subtleties.—VERA A. ANCOCK, School House, Moorland Road, Burslem.

Raw Deal for Inventors

HARRY HOPKINS'S ARTICLE, "What's Buzzing in the Attic?" (JOHN BULL, July 10), was of great interest. As an employee at a Government research station I can say that the whole question of patent rights is a sore one with Government-employed scientists.

We must all submit our inventions first to the Government. If, for instance, a research worker on atomic energy invents a new type of washing machine the idea must be offered; and if it is rejected and the inventor takes out patent rights and makes a success of it the invention *still* belongs to the Government. The repayment of his patent fee is purely an act of grace.

If a financial grant is made, a percentage goes to the head of the department, who, by virtue of his office, will also take part of the credit.—GOVERNMENT WORKER. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Grandpa Goes Touring

AS AN ARDENT CYCLIST of seventy, I read "Lightweight and Mobile" by John May (JOHN BULL, July 17) with great interest. The bicycle is the most wonderful vehicle ever invented.

I have just returned from a cycle tour in the Cotswolds, through Cheddar, Wells, Glastonbury, Taunton and Minehead, returning via Weston-super-Mare, Bristol, the Wye Valley, the Severn Valley, Stafford and Ashbourne.

My longest day's run was seventy-eight miles and my daily average fifty miles. Not bad for an old 'un, eh?—W. T. WARDALE, 31 Hastings Road, Sheffield, 7.

Seventy-year-old cyclist W. T. Wardale. His average: fifty miles a day

Unmarried Mothers . . .

I HAVE DEEP SYMPATHY WITH "Unmarried Mother," whose letter was printed in JOHN BULL (July 10), as I had almost the same trouble myself.

I was eighteen and a half and the boy was twenty. He was going into the Air Force when I discovered I was going to have a baby. My father would not let us marry and we were both frightened to tell him why we were in such a hurry. So, the boy had to join up, and I was left to see my trouble through.

Time went by until only three months remained before baby would be born. Then came a letter saying that he was coming home to marry me. I was thrilled, until I thought: "Does he love me or is he marrying me out of a sense of duty?" If that were so I would rather stay single and struggle by myself.

But I needn't have worried. He did love me, and we were married quietly in our village church without any fuss. That was six years ago. We are still in love and our baby is a lovely little girl. I wish there was some way I could help "Unmarried Mother." — MRS. F., Gloucester. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . More Could Be Done

MORE COULD BE DONE to help unmarried mothers. In some cases the girl is admitted to the poor law infirmary for the birth of her child, and there she has to remain sometimes for months unless she can find someone to look after her child so that she can find work.

From my experience with a charitable society it appeared to me that the authorities were more concerned with punishing the girl than with the welfare of the child.—R. W. C., Birmingham. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . Narrowly Escaped

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S returns show that a surprisingly large number of "respectably married" women only narrowly escaped being unmarried mothers. Yet these are generally the loudest in condemnation, instead of thinking: "There, but for the grace of God, go I," and being the first to offer help.—J. H. GREENWOOD, 23 South Cantril Avenue, Liverpool, 12.

Boycott-on-Sea

JOHN BULL IS RIGHT in saying that seaside holidaymakers have at last gone on strike against excessive charges (JOHN BULL, July 17).

On holiday recently I noticed one interesting form of "silent protest." Towns and villages a few miles from popular seaside resorts have become crowded "dormitories." People find it cheaper to put up at such places and then travel to the coast daily.—L. HART, 57 Mandrake Road, London, S.W.17.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.

JOHN BULL GOES TO SCHOOL

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT be interested to know how very useful JOHN BULL covers can be in school. They are regularly used by my class for composition.

Though I have a junior class and the compositions should be thoroughly prepared *orally* before the children begin writing, the compositions enclosed are the result of only a few moments of oral instruction.

Apart from their usefulness in stimulating the imagination, your bright covers are a boon to empty classroom walls. JOHN BULL is certainly following the precept of Ruskin in bringing art to the people. — MRS. A. F. GREENHALGH, St. Anne's School, Newton Heath, Manchester, 10.

July 3 cover by Yates Wilson

WHAT A LOOK there is on Mr. Brown's face. His wife and children are enjoying a trip in a boat. Mother is smiling; for once she is doing nothing. But Mr. Brown is working hard. He isn't thinking about the sparkling waves, but whether he'll have many blisters on his hands. He is happy, however, because his family is happy. I wonder if he would like to be on a yacht and be blown along. If he goes on like this his braces will burst. When it is teatime, the Browns will sit under a tree and unpack their food basket. Then it will be father's turn to sit back and do nothing.—*Barry Land, 9 years 9 months.*

May 29 cover by M. Critchlow

TONY WENT TO the pets' shop at the corner of High Street. He went there every day to look at a panther cub, for he wanted it; no one else in their street had one. His mother wanted a dog, but he did not think she would be so enthusiastic about a panther. So he took a big collar that had once belonged to his grannie's St Bernard and went back to the shop. He was not interested in the other animals. All he wanted was a black panther. But there were some new puppies in the window, and one had such a pathetic look; it seemed to say "Give me a home." So Tony bought it.—*Ian McColm, 10 years 1 month.*

May 1 cover by Yates Wilson

MRS. HILTON keeps fowls in the back garden. One day she went into the back garden and saw that the hens were not laying eggs. This went on for several days. At last she bought a pot egg. She took it into the garden, put the egg into the hen box and said "Now do your duty." She gave them a good-natured look. But the chickens were mystified. Where did the egg come from? Who laid this fine egg? We must lay some like it. Next morning, Mrs. Hilton went to the hen coop and when she looked in she saw twelve beautiful eggs, just like the pot eggs.—*Dorothy Hilton, 10 years 11 months.*

SIGNATURE GAVE THEM AWAY

Continued from page 11

once in the dock; but he showed himself well able to put his story before the jury. It was that he and Clarkson had for many years been the best of friends and that the little wigmaker had always insisted that he intended to leave him money; moreover, Mitchell, the clerk, had told him at the time that he had just drafted Clarkson's will.

Hobbs suggested that the typed letter had been planted on him by his enemies, for he had no recollection whatever of receiving it.

O'Connor gave evidence next day. He insisted that he had met Clarkson and Mitchell one day in June, 1929, at Simpson's in the Strand, and that, after a good lunch, Clarkson produced a document from his pocket which he said was his will. Clarkson then signed it, and O'Connor and Mitchell witnessed his signature. After this, said O'Connor, he never saw the document again until it was found in his office in a file where it had presumably been placed at some time by Mitchell.

In his closing speech, Hobbs's counsel, Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Cassels, asked the jury to say that they were not satisfied of his client's guilt and "to let Hobbs, an old and sick man, obviously tottering to his end, spend the rest of his days in peace."

The Recorder, summing up, declared that the key to the matter for the jury was whether they believed his signature on the will to be genuine or false.

The jury certainly had no doubt in the matter by this time, and both prisoners were found guilty.

O'Connor Had Been Struck Off

It then appeared that O'Connor had been struck off the rolls by the Law Society a year previously for professional misconduct and that he now wished to have four offences of fraudulently converting clients' money taken into consideration.

The Recorder first sentenced O'Connor to seven years' penal servitude, and then said to Hobbs: "You need not stand up. Your health will be safeguarded so far as it is possible for that to be done where you will go. It is a great pity to find that, as you grow older, you do not grow better."

"I try to, my Lord," Hobbs interjected.

Unmoved by this improbable claim, the Recorder continued: "I take into account, of course, your age. The least sentence that the gravity of this offence allows me to pass upon you is one of penal servitude for five years, and you must also pay a sum not exceeding £500 towards the costs of the prosecution."

Both men survived their sentence, which was in each case reduced by the usual one-third for good behaviour in prison. O'Connor died in Ireland shortly after his release, but Hobbs, for all his ill-health, survived well into the middle of the late war.

One part of the Clarkson will case still remains a mystery. Who forged the signature on the will?

Neither Hobbs nor O'Connor was sufficiently expert for the job, but it is certain that among their professional clients there was a forger well known to the police who could have been responsible. But suspicion and proof are very different matters, and if the police guessed who it was, they were never able to bring him to justice.

NEXT ARTICLE: The Case of James Camb and the Porthole Murder

He Grooms Horses for Stardom

He's called a stable-boy, but he's twenty-eight and he has a fully man-sized job • *by Richard Collier*

Now that the National Hunt season has opened, Sid Woodman and Cameraman III will be getting about in society again. The past six months they have spent in seclusion, though seeing a great deal of each other.

Cameraman III is a nine-year-old chestnut gelding, sixteen hands high, by Brownie out of Dublin Lass. Three times a winner last year, over both fences and hurdles, he is reckoned to be a horse with quite a future. What exactly that future will be depends largely on the way Sid Woodman has handled him in the past six months. For Sid is Cameraman's nurse, valet and masseur.

Sid's day begins at six o'clock in a Nissen hut on an abandoned Sussex airfield where he and his wife and small son John are squatting until they can find somewhere better to live. When Sid got out of the Army a year ago, there was the usual housing shortage in the village, but he didn't care for the idea of getting a job anywhere else, so he and the family moved into the hut.

At seven, after a quick cup of tea and a two-mile cycle ride, Sid arrives at Manor Farm Racing Stables, East Levant, just by Goodwood racecourse, and gives Cameraman the first treatment of the day, which is a brisk muck-off with a damp rag. After that, Sid saddles and bridles him for morning exercise. Like the other thirty horses at Manor Farm, apart from those who are sick or roughed-off after a hard racing season, Cameraman is due for two hours' exercise every morning of the week except Sundays.

Stable-boy Sid has three horses in his charge, but two of them are currently roughed off. There are nine other stable-hands: six boys and three girls. "Stables never used women before the war," says Sid. "They seemed strange at first, but we're all good pals now. Never thought women would need getting used to, but they do."

The first string rides out at 7.30 a.m.; the second at 10.30 a.m. Exercise above the downs, with trainer Ryan Price in charge, includes walking in line ahead on short rein, cantering, trotting, jumping, gradually sharpening the horses' muscles with half-speed exercise until the final days before a race.

When Sid and Cameraman get back to stables at 9.30 a.m. the first string's loose boxes have already been cleaned out by head-lad Sydney Dale, the dirty straw replaced by fresh, the manger filled with the first meal of the day—two pounds of oats, chaff, grated carrots and chopped dandelions.

Gets the Jitters

Horses in training eat from twelve to sixteen pounds of food a day, Sid says that the more a racehorse works, the less it eats. It shivers and trembles uncontrollably as soon as its mane is plaited for a race, and often refuses food for a week afterwards. "It sounds silly, but horses worry about their races just as much as the punters and bookies."

Before the horses' breakfast, there is the job of "strapping." Cameraman is tethered to the wall and Sid sets to work.

A muck-off with a damp rag is followed by a session with the body-brush. From time to time Sid uses the curry-comb to free the brush from dust. Then he goes over Cameraman with a dry cloth, a heavy kneading motion like a rubber at a Turkish baths, paying particular attention to the shoulder muscles, the back muscles, the quarter muscles and thighs.

"Just as important as the galloping and all the rest of it," says Sid. "They're in training just the same as boxers, so their muscles have got to be developed gradually. If you took 'em on fast work before they'd had a few months of this, it'd half kill 'em."

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Sid with Cameraman III. Horses worry about a race just like punters

Mane, Tail, Hooves

Finally, Sid uses a water-brush for the mane and tail, followed by a dry or "dandy" brush. Each hoof is cleared of hay and dung with a hoofpick, then carefully greased to prevent cracking.

Sid's father used to work as a labourer at the stables, and Sid as a boy rode round the yard on an old cart-horse. The early acquaintance with the work has been useful, for Sid is already considered a fully qualified stable-lad after only three years' service—two before the war, one since. Average apprenticeship is five to seven years.

There are no examinations. The only stepping-stone to the full wage of £5 a week is the good opinion of the trainer.

For every winner in his care, Sid gets £5 from the trainer, anything up to £10 from the owner. To supplement his income, he places as many as six bets a day, about half of which are lucky.

When Sid has finished strapping Cameraman, he goes to the tack room for breakfast. With the other lads he discusses racing. Bets are planned for the afternoon, past winners discussed. Then back to work again in the stables.

At one o'clock, with the horses at rest for the afternoon, Sid cycles home for lunch. Apart from the stables, his only interest is in gardening. Until four he tends the little patch of potatoes, onions and cabbage outside the hut.

Four-thirty brings evening stables and the last lap of the day. There is no more exercise, but Cameraman gets the same involved strapping that he had earlier in the day. At 7.30 p.m. Sid is finished.

Out of season he will have a drink with the lads at the "Royal Oak" before cycling home for supper and a little more gardening before bed-time.

During the season itself, Sid and two other lads are on the move nearly every week, escorting their charges to meetings all over the country. Sid makes over forty trips a year, usually sleeping away from home two or three nights a week and drawing £1 subsistence from the trainer for every night away from home.

At twenty-eight, Sid is tanned and wiry and with no ambitions outside the racing business. Inside it there are lots of things he may do in the future. As head lad he would get an assured wage of £7 10s. a week, with £10 from the trainer for every winner that the stable turns out and anything up to £50 from the owner.

But Sid aims higher than that. He is applying to the National Hunt Committee for a jockey's licence. If he makes good as a jockey, he can count on £7 a race, £10 for every winner, sometimes as many as seven races a day. The owner's gift may run into hundreds.

Perhaps Sid may even get his greatest wish—to ride Cameraman to victory in the National. It is a very bright future if he can make it.

"Bright?" says Sid. "I'll say it is. A ruddy sight better than being a film star."

WITH MY FEET UP

When I Was Champ

WHAT A WEALTH of memories the reports of the Olympic Games bring back to me. How they stir up the puddles of the past.

Reminiscences of those dear dead days when I was a star performer in the Games surge through my mind like women round a nylon counter. For, though you would hardly think it to look at me, I was once Olympic Champion at Ludo.

I was born to be an athlete. I well remember how, as a child, I had to be dragged screaming from the Ludo board to be put to bed.

One day, when I was in my teens, my old mother said to me, as I gave an extra vigorous shake to the dice cup at a crucial point in a game, "Careful, son, you'll strain your heart with so much exercise."

* * *

At the Games in my day, we fought the good fight with all our might. We were not pampered and coddled with vitamins and violet rays. Nevertheless, despite our toughness, the spirit of sportsmanship reigned supreme. Woe betide those few who sought to win at all costs.

Well do I remember the scandal which raged like a tornado over the high jump. It was discovered that one of the competitors had concealed on his person a Mexican jumping bean.

It was only swift deportation (for, of course, he was not British) that saved him from being lynched.

Nor shall I quickly forget the scene when Montenegro publicly accused America of making use of the adhesive qualities of a pellet of chewing gum in the All-Nations Egg-and-Spoon Race. And some of the acts of sabotage by less sporting nations that went on underneath the tarpaulin ground-sheet in the International Obstacle Race had to be felt to be believed.

However, the Games had their lighter side. I remember once, as I was getting up exhausted from a particularly strenuous Ludo session, I met the Halma Champion who had brought his mother with him. He introduced me to her, saying with a loving smile, "I owe everything to my mother. I call her my Halma Mater."

Ah well, those days are gone! Now the Games are just another crisis along with coal, food, Palestine, dollars, Russia and the Test Match.

by Ian Fox

No shortage of lifeguards in Australia. British resorts must buck up

Keep Death Off the Beaches

by DENNIS HOLMAN

IF THIS IS AN AVERAGE summer, about one hundred people will drown while bathing. The figure is based on 1938, the last normal year for which statistics are available, when 1,328 persons were accidentally drowned. Of these, ninety-nine died in bathing costumes, having gone into the water for the fun of it.

Ten years later there is still no improvement at all in the chances of an unlucky, unwise swimmer getting saved.

Few of the drownings need have happened if proper safety measures had been provided near at hand and if safety training were more general.

I am not suggesting that ocean bathing can be made accident-proof, but the death rate can be brought down to a minimum if the proper precautions are taken.

I have seen professional lifeguards on the beaches in a dozen countries, but not one yet at a resort in England where bathers swarm by the hundred thousand. Here is how the man who leads the fight against drowning in Britain, Captain A. E. Bistoe, chief secretary of the Royal Life Saving Society, answers my question on lifeguards and bathers' safety:

"There are a few professional lifeguards," he says, "employed by some of the seaside corporations. But they are far too rare. And in some cases there is only an old salt who hangs about the beach with a boat and paddles out if anybody looks like getting into difficulties. Some of these old fellows probably don't know the correct method of hauling an exhausted swimmer aboard a boat—let alone being qualified in life saving."

The Society's life-saving methods were devised by William Henry (founder of the R.L.S.S. in 1891), and are taught in schools and clubs throughout the Empire. Between seventy and a hundred thousand swimmers qualify as life savers every year in eleven tests ranging from the Elementary Certificate (Princess Elizabeth has passed the Intermediate) to the Society's highest award, the Diploma.

Trained to Save Lives

The Royal Life Saving Society is primarily a teaching and examining body, but a special branch was formed in 1932 to reduce the great loss of life which occurs annually during the bathing season. This is the Life Guard Corps, composed of members who must be over eighteen years of age and holders of at least the Bronze Medallion of the Society. The Bronze Medallion is a basic proficiency test and it ensures that voluntary lifeguards are adequately trained to save a life.

The Life Guard Corps is well disciplined and organized, and its beach huts are usually equipped with lifelines. The number of units is spreading along the coast, but they have still very far to go before proper needs of holiday bathers are fully catered for.

For, though the Corps numbers twenty thousand, most of them only function for a few hours during a fortnight's holiday by the sea. About fifty thousand Bronze Medallists are qualified every year. If more of these came forward they would swell the Life Guard Corps into a more effective organization.

Meanwhile it is about time the rich seaside corporations paid more attention to the danger of ocean swimming. Young professional lifeguards are needed—and lots more life-saving devices.

Along with this every bather should know and follow the "rules."

A swimmer is in danger of drowning the moment he goes out of his depth. Most of the time the sea is uncertain and treacherous. It is often colder than expected, with strong currents and undertow.

During the first few days at the seaside, you are likely to be out of training and hardly as fit as you were at the end of your holiday last year. Don't overdo it. Don't swim too far out. Water distances are easily misjudged; and ocean swimming is a two-way trip.

Don't swim immediately after strenuous games that overheat the body and sap your energy. Many bathers drown because they overstrain their capacity, overestimate their endurance, and the impact of waves, colder temperatures and current proves too much.

Play safe and swim parallel to the shore in sight of people who might render assistance should you suddenly need it.

Go Easy in a Lake

The danger of swimming in a lake is the tendency of the ambitious to make the other side. Don't try. Choose a spot that is safe, free from obstructions and the chill claws of the undertow.

Take a companion with you; it is better fun than swimming alone; and if you must swim long distances get somebody to trail you in a boat. Swimming with children, the responsibility is all yours. Watch them.

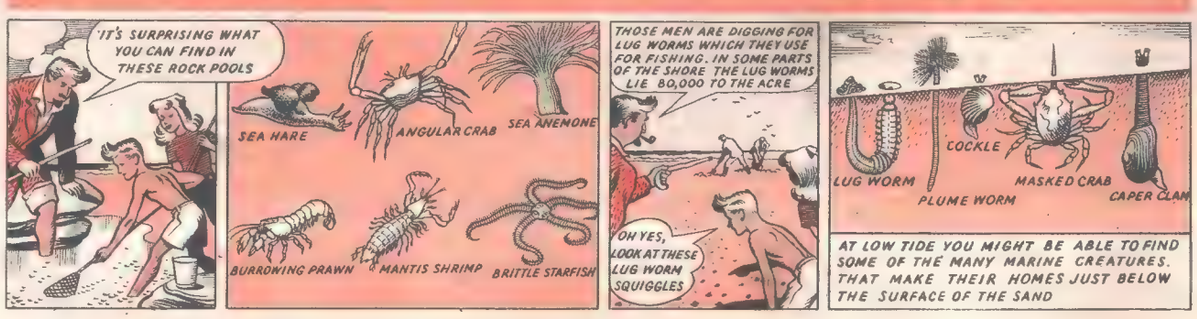
Studies of near and actual drownings prove that the biggest number result from stomach cramp. To avoid this stick to the old rule of staying out of the water after a full meal. Wait at least an hour for the food to settle.

If you *do* get into trouble, don't panic, don't thrash around wasting energy, don't lift up your arms calling for help, as the weight of them out of the water is certain to push you down.

The best thing is to float and tread water alternately. For cramp in your leg or arm, grab the muscle firmly and knead it. If a rescuer comes to your aid, don't for heaven's sake grab him like an all-in wrestler. Go limp. It makes you buoyant and easier to handle.

The lifeguard often has to swim out a good distance to reach an exhausted swimmer. All he asks of the swimmer is trust and co-operation; then it's a pretty good chance they will both get back.

UNCLE ANDY — *Exploring the Sea-shore*


"IT'S SURPRISING WHAT YOU CAN FIND IN THESE ROCK POOLS
SEA HARE
ANGULAR CRAB
SEA ANEMONE
BURROWING PRAWN
MANTIS SHRIMP
BRITTLE STARFISH
THOSE MEN ARE DIGGING FOR LUG WORMS WHICH THEY USE FOR FISHING. IN SOME PARTS OF THE SHORE THE LUG WORMS LIE 80,000 TO THE ACRE
OH YES, LOOK AT THESE LUG WORM SQUIGGLES
COCKLE
LUG WORM
MASKED CRAB
PLUME WORM
CAPER CLAM
AT LOW TIDE YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND SOME OF THE MANY MARINE CREATURES. THAT MAKE THEIR HOMES JUST BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE SAND

JOHN BULL August 7 1948

THE SHEARING AT NELLO

by JOHN WILCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Benjie's Dad had taught him all the tricks of the trade. None of them matched the tricks of a woman

MY DAD DIED when I was thirteen. That was more than four years ago but I can remember him just as clearly as though I'd seen him yesterday. People still talk about Jamie Shackler on the big stations and in the bush country of Queensland and New South Wales. He was a large man, straight as a Gippsland eucalyptus. He didn't talk much, but when he did, people listened.

Every stockman in Australia called my Dad by his first name. They would have ridden through hell and the back country to lend him a hand. For besides being a fine man he was the best sheep shearer ever to turn a wagon wheel on the Darling Downs.

There were two things Dad wanted to do before he died. One was to train me to be as good a shearer as he was. The other was to beat Chap Goron neat and fair in a shearing contest to prove which was the better man.

He could have lived to a hundred and not seen me his equal. Never a man like him stood in a woolshed and trimmed the fleece from a Merino ram in sixty seconds to the tick.

As for Chap Goron, he was all belly and bluff. He felt safe enough boasting when our caravan was ten stations away, but times when Dad cornered him, like that day in Goondiwindi, he had a pretty small mouth. It was sudden business in Brisbane or a sore tooth in the side of his head when a trial was suggested!

I never knew anything but sheep stations and the downs. Mother died when I was born and there was nothing for Dad but to take me with him in the caravan.

The first thing I can remember is the sight of Dad and his men in a woolshed choking with November dust, the air trembling with the bleat of Merinos. It wasn't long before I was in with the lot of them, stripping my twenty-five fleeces an hour and wishing I could do the job half as neat and half as quick as Dad.

It was a way he had with a sheep, not fighting the brute like most shearers, but making it feel easy in his hands. He loved the sight of a flock feeding on the grasslands, moving along steady with a few stockmen behind and a pack of keen kelpies to nip back and drive in the strays. He was proud to be part of the sheep country and he made me feel proud of it, too.

Like me, my Dad was born to shearing. He worked hard and put his brass in the Queensland Bank where it's there still, with what I've been able to add to it. Some day now I'll have that sheep-run south of St. George I've been eyeing.

You've never seen a sight to beat it after the winter rains. It's carpeted with grass and scrub, and veined with purple sarsaparilla. Down in the bottoms there are acacia wattles taller than a man's reach spilling golden blossoms into the paddocks and telling of something rarer than gold underneath—runnels of fresh water.

Dad would have liked to have seen me settled down as a station man even though he himself couldn't live without moving and couldn't sleep anywhere but on the downs, rolled up under a wagon.

He had shearing contracts at stations south of Toowoomba, off Warwick, Goondiwindi and even as far back as Talwood. A sheep man could count on him at the sticky time, when the stock was penned in by the woolshed, the sky a blazing furnace and the ewes were bleating like mad.

We'd drive in with forty mates in the caravan and lift ten thousand fleeces a day. When I think of them breeched, skirted and folded, stacked for the baling! Big, soft Botanys, a million pounds a week we'd shear—and off to the next station, for it must be done in the season or the whole show's a fizzle. Dad was steady as the sun in his rounds and for more reason than the brass it brought him.

"A hundred million sheep, Benjie, my boy," he'd say, chirruping to the team; "and none of them worth a damn if it wasn't for us shearers to clip them to the pelt so the wool could be off to Yorkshire and the Yank mills in New England."

"Yes, Dad," I'd grin. "Up the downs! Up the jumbuck sheep! And up the shearers of east Australia!" It made him easy to see me follow in his footsteps.

DAD was no soldier but he went off with the Anzacs when the Japs were kicking at the gates of Australia. He walked from Port Moresby over the Owen-Stanleys with the other cobbers and did his bit at Buna. You couldn't keep him from a show like that. He took most of the mates from the caravan with him but he left ten old hands behind with me to take care of the business.

"You're a big lad, Benjie," he said when I saw him off at the Brisbane docks. "You can write and cipher and shear with the best in the back country. The mates will stick with you, mind you keep spirits out of the caravan. You know the bush and can do the job. And don't forget it's the job that's first! War or no war the sheep will breed and the wool will be wanted more than before. So keep the bank books safe, write me every fortnight and don't worry about your old Dad."

We made out all right just as he had said. Hands were scarce in the bush during the war and the fleeces had to be lifted. No one wanted for work, least of all the son of Jamie Shackler. But we didn't coast on kindness, either.

There weren't as many mates as before, so we couldn't cover the stations like the old days. But we worked harder than ever at the clipping. It was honest work we did and honest wages we drew in the season. Dad would have been proud to see us, but he never did. We were shearing on a station off Talwood the day I got the news he'd been killed at Wewak.

I sat under a gum tree and bawled. After a while I got up and back to the woolshed. Dad was no quitter and he wouldn't have wanted for me to be.

That was the way it had to be, work till I dropped at night to keep from going crazy. The mates were kind and everyone else, for the passing of Jamie Shackler was no light thing in the bush. A cobber is remembered for his way with sheep out back, not for a handle to his name and a heap of brass in the till. But nobody knew how it stunned me when he went and how I had to work things out for myself. I could easily have dropped shearing and become a swagman if it wasn't for remembering the things my Dad had told me.

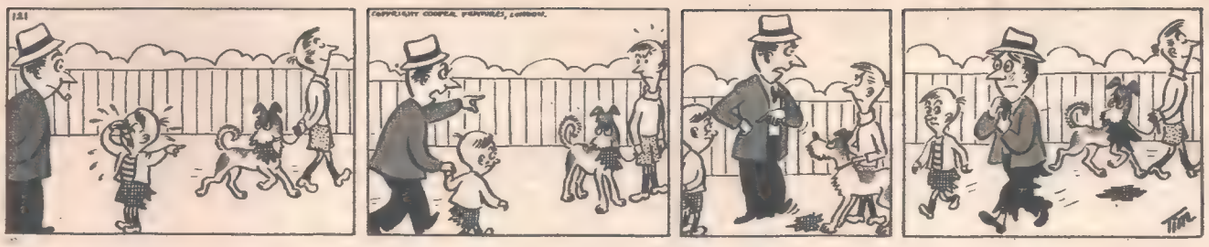
When the season was over I didn't drive back to Toowoomba like we used to do. To hell with school, I said. I'm a man now and I'll study the things that made my Dad love the downs and the jumbucks that graze them.

I bought a thoroughbred and lived in the bush for months. I really saw it for the first time, because I wasn't standing in clippings up to my knees in a woolshed. I lived out on the land, travelling where I wanted and staying as long as I liked. Most of the time I moved but

The afternoon was like hell and I thought I'd never get through

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



I worked some—putting up as a stockman at a station when I felt the need of roots, boundary riding when I wanted to be by myself but not actually alone.

It was on that trip that I saw the run off St. George. I swore then that some day I'd never pack another bag but buy that place and settle down to raise the best wool in Australia.

The next season the mates and I worked harder than ever. I put a good bit by. It was the same the next year. But when the war ended the old shearers came back and with them came Chap Goron.

During the war the top shearers, like my Dad had been and I was now, hadn't made contracts. With hands scarce and times uncertain it was impossible to guarantee anything. The stations I sheared hadn't worried. We showed up and did our work, contract or not.

But now contracts were coming back. The station owners wanted to be certain that the wool would be clipped. They'd be in a rare fix if it wasn't. I had trouble getting contracts because station owners began to say I was too young.

That was only the beginning. There were so many caravans out that even Chap Goron found it hard scratching. So he poached in my diggings. Worse than that, he swung over a lot of the mates who used to shear for Dad and got them to work for him.

It was a raw, tiddley business and I told Chap Goron so to his face one day in Warwick where I was buying shearers.

"Hold on, you runt." He laughed and sniggered at me in the roadway. "You're not half a chip off the old one and I could trim him at shearing or fighting any day the sun was up."

"You passed by many a chance for both, you damned coward," I told him.

"Crop easy there, lad!" he roared. "You're still a shaving, half grown and cocky. But if there are more words like that in your mouth I'll lay on to your pelt till you're broken."

THERE was a crowd of cobbers around us both now, waiting to see what would happen. I was a fool, for Chap Goron could pummel me with one hand, but my eyes stung with the words he had passed on my Dad. I was mad clear through and wanted to smash his big, beery face.

"You heard me, Chap Goron! My Dad could beat you any way. If you're for trying, I can do it, too!"

I shook myself in the road after he'd walloped me. It felt like I'd been kicked by a kangaroo. I was lucky not to get more of a hiding before the cobbers pulled him away. Chap Goron was ugly, saying he'd kill me while I lay there. I steered far from him after that.

If he couldn't be beaten with beef, I knew other ways of troubling Chap Goron. The shearing wouldn't start for a month, so I saddled the thoroughbred and rode up through the bush, stopping at the stations my Dad and I had always sheared.

Goron had contracts with some of them and they couldn't be broken. I ragged as many of the others to sign with me for the sake of old times and the memory of my Dad. Most of them were for me. They were just afraid that, with Chap Goron's caravan about, I'd be scared off—and they'd be left high with unshorn stock.

Talking to them I could see the pack would swing one way or the other after the first station was sheared. If Goron won the first station, the rest were his.

Some shearers are rough stones. Getting them weaned from the booze is work. There were few of my mates that bad but there were some. I started on them early. Before we left Toowoomba, I searched the caravan and scragged a dozen bottles of spirits. "Time for that when the last fleece is lifted," my Dad would say and throw the grog out.

It was my plan to make an early start and get to the first station as the stock was mustered and driven in to the homestead. If I beat Chap by a half hour, the rest of the stations were mine. So I lit out for Nello.

NELLO is a big station, just off Toowoomba. I'd always liked it there and Dan Terril was square with me and my Dad. I'd timed it to the hair. When the wagons pulled over the last crest to look down on Nello's great, rambling homestead, the stockmen were just driving the sheep in from mustering.

"Well," I said to a mate on the seat beside me as we wiped the dust from our faces, "there's fifty thousand Merinos waiting for our sheers and not a sign of Chap Goron!"

"Gor, Benjie," he shouted, "we haven't swizzled him! There's his wagons crossing the rise away there!"

I looked where he pointed and for certain it was Chap! He had got an idea of my plan in some way and had arrived when we did.

"A smart sprout, aren't you?" he sneered, climbing down from his wagon. "Thinking to dazzle me by jumping the season. You'd have to drive that caravan faster than a bush fire to get the wind of Chap Goron. Pack up your traps and get home, sonny. I'll do the shearing at Nello!" He shook his fist in my face.

"That's to be seen, Goron," I said. "The hiring's up to the station. I'll stand by Dan Terril's say-so."

We went up the walk together to see Dan Terril. He'd come out on the veranda when he heard the commotion; he was still all dust and lather from the mustering.

Beside him was his daughter Mavis, as rumpled as he was from helping the station hands. She was rare stock. I'd seen her many a day before, about the woolshed. Today, with the sunlight glinting deep in her hair, she was like something from a picture book.

"Well, mates, what's the dust-up?" said Dan Terril pleasantly.

"It's for the shearing," Chap said loudly. "I've come to Nello to lift your fleeces, and this bucko has been thinking the work is his."

"Who got here first?" asked Terril.

"We pulled in together," I said quickly before Chap Goron could give him the lie.

Terril looked from one to the other of us and my heart sank. I could see he was planning to play it sure and give the shearing to Goron. How I wished my Dad had been there!

"Well," he said uncertainly and looked at Goron. Chap grinned like a sick kelpie.

"Wait a bit." It was Mavis who broke in, mad at the way things were going. "They both came at one time. The best man should have the shearing." My heart lifted, for I could tell she was for me.

"That's no trouble to decide," said Goron, swaggering before the veranda. "I can beat the lad any way you've a mind to. I smashed him once in Warwick and it would be pleasant to do it again here." He started for me with a mean look, his lips pulled back from brown teeth.

"Hold on!" said Dan Terril sharply. "There'll be no roughing at Nello! You can settle it shearing. We'll run off a trial tomorrow, just you, Goron, and Benjie Shackler. The winner will do the shearing at Nello by contract."

"That's what I had in mind," said Mavis and gave me a great, broad wink. I smiled back like a daft one.

"Righto! Smashing or shearing, I'll beat him either way." Goron spat and swaggered back to his wagon.

"Thank you, Dan Terril," I said. But I smiled at Mavis. "I'll do my showing in the woolshed." They were brave words but foolish. Mavis smiled and winked at me again. She was a fine sight of a girl and I was grateful. Then I went back to tell the news.

Out back, a shearing trial is thicker than a race meet. When two top shearers have a go, there's more than the glory in it. The one who wins is the man the mates will work for and the one who gets the contracts.

It was a glum show at our caravan that night after supper. I could feel the mates staring at me edgewise, all of them sorry, but ready to shear for Goron when the trial was over. No one even had the heart to bring out the accordion, though over at Goron's they were singing and howling like dingoes.

I was wondering whether to chuck it or stay and take the beating when I heard someone call.

It was Mavis at the edge of the fire. I got up and went over to her. She was my age, I'd guess. I'd always thought of her as a kid in braids. But now I saw her different. She was tall, high-breasted and slim—a woman in spite of her shirt and stockman's breeks. Her hair was bunned tight in the back. In the firelight it was as golden as a wattle blossom.

"Hullo, Benjie Shackler." She smiled soft. "I've come to wish you luck in the trial."

"Thanks, Miss Mavis." The words tumbled all over in my throat, looking at her so pretty. "I'll need more than luck to pin Chap Goron."

She squeezed my hand and went whistling off in the night. Though I didn't know why, I turned in feeling better.

It must have been two or three hours later when the noise woke me. The mates in Chap Goron's caravan were howling like banshees. Singing, cursing, dusting up with one another—like a pack of Bushmen they were.

THE squalling was a lullaby to me. Mates don't take on like that unless they've got spirits. Chap Goron would never stay away from spirits in his own caravan. I hoped he felt cocky enough to get a proper swill and be dotty in the morning. I'd have a chance with him fuddled. I turned over and slept happy.

The next morning we had a quick breakfast and the mates went with me down to the pens. The red dust came up in clouds from under our boots. Already the sun was hot and burning, so early in the day. It was going to be a fair sizzler. The heat would be cruel on a man in the woolshed.

We met Chap Goron and his mates on the way and I've never seen a more sour lot. They'd been boozing for certain, Chap Goron with the rest. His eyes looked like dry bush holes, his face was flaming and he was in a vile temper.

"Hallo, Chap," I said civil-like. "It's a blazing day for the trial."

"Blast your damned tongue!" he growled. "I'll teach you shearing proper, Shackler! And smash you in the bargain when I've finished."

We stripped to the waist outside the woolshed, plugged in the shears and were ready. We shear with power on the downs now. In the early days, when my Dad was starting, it was all hand clipping and twice the work.

As it is now, there's still no lark to it. The handler keeps the brutes in the chute and trots them over as you're ready. When they're shorn, two stockmen seize them for the dip, paint the flock mark on the rump and hustle them to the pen. There's little stopping when the work's started and it grows worse as the day wears.

"Are you ready?" said Dan Terril, waiting to give the handlers the word.

I nodded and Chap Goron shouted. Mavis was standing by her father, looking even prettier than she had the night before. When she smiled, it was like the sun on the bush in the morning.

"Remember," said Dan Terril slowly "This trial will run eight hours. You

Continued on page 21

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"THE CIRCUS is here!" Ever since he was old enough to sit up and take notice, these words have had an inspiring effect on Steven Spurrier, A.R.A. Even now, he occasionally finds time to go on tour with the Big Top. The scene he depicts in this week's cover is the "parade" through town which takes place after the circus's arrival. Spurrier has lost exact count of all his circus pictures—"more than two hundred." A versatile artist, he applies his fine sense of colour to many other fields of painting, as his illustration to Cledwyn Hughes's story on page eight bears out.

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TALES WITH A MORAL—NO. 2

Susie and the Scissors

It almost makes me cry to tell
What foolish Susie once befell.
"With scissors," mother warned, "Don't play."
But Susie found them one fine day.
With cries of joy she goes snap! snip!
But suddenly the scissors slip
And Susie, crying now with terror,
Finds she has cut herself in error.

This story has a happy end,
For back comes mother with a friend
And quickly flies for 'Vaseline'*
Smoothed on at once, and all's serene.

Says Sue, "Next time, instead of crying,
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And in the air around you the smack of bat meeting ball ; a rustle of applause . . . "Oh, played, Sir ! . . . a beautiful cut through the slips. . . ."

Whew, energetic chaps those Aussies ; imagine running about on a day like this . . .

"Hey, Sally ! Where's that cool drink you were going to mix ?"

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THE SHEARING AT NELLO

Continued from page 18

can stop or work as you like, but at the end of that time the one who's lifted the most fleeces has the Nello contract. It will be fair play here, lads."

With that he called to the handlers and the trial started. It's a fine thing to lift a fleece tidy. You take the sheep between the knees, clip the belly wool separate, then peel the rest of the fleece in a piece. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back! Throw the fleece and bawl for another.

I stood in the dust and sun, lifting them easy. The heat didn't bother me, or the noise, or the slippery feel of wool grease on my arms and fingers. As for Chap Goron, he might have been in Brisbane! I thought of nothing in the world but the wool and its lifting.

Each sheep was part of the run, yet each one was different. There were big rams I coaxed and ewes I comforted. There was burry wool and clean clippings, Merinos and Lincoln-Merinos, scared sheep and mad sheep, bleaters and dumb ones.

We broke for elevenses and the mates crowded around me.

"Keep it up," they whispered. "You're riding his tail and he's tiring proper. The grog he had last night is slowing him."

I bolted my tea and we went back to the woolshed. Chap Goron had stopped sneering now. He was sweating and his big chest was heaving with exertion. But he was still leading me.

I got into the rhythm again and forgot all about him. The sun was hotter and the dust drier but the sheep kept on coming. I didn't hurry or maul a brute. If you start that, you'll nick the pelt and what a terrible time that is! The jumbuck bleating and twisting between your legs while you're trying to clip him. No, the thing is to run steady, hold them easy, lift the fleece tidy. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back!

WHEN we stopped at one o'clock for a meal, I was tired. But Chap Goron looked fair winded. We flopped in the shade of the woolshed to eat and Mavis Terril came to talk to me. Her eyes were shining.

"You're running a nailing good show, Benjie," she said. "You're ten behind but you'll beat him!"

Looking at the bulk of Chap Goron stretched out on the ground, I believed it for the first time. He wasn't boasting now and his eyes looked panicky. The long muscles in his back were twitching with weariness. I knew that the pits of his knees ached, that the breath was like fire in his lungs. Let him once get the wind up and the Nello contract was mine.

Dad, I thought, I'll trim Goron for you or drop in the woolshed trying!

The afternoon was hell. The air was like a furnace. The sheep were bleating with fear and heat, milling about the pens to send clouds of brick-red dust drifting into the woolshed. My arms began to ache now. My spine felt as if it would snap, and my eyeballs burned in their sockets.

I didn't hurry a bit, but Chap began to. I could see him in the tail of my eye, fumbling now and not sure like he should be. After a time I heard what he got for his haste. Chap's sheep were bleating, high and fierce, which meant he was nicking them.

You can pick out the cry of a hurt sheep above all the noises at shearing. His jumbucks were twisting against the shears. Once that begins, there's nothing to do but fight them. The extra

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

When your dreams come true

Old folk who had the time could make a hobby of recording their dreams

I HAD A RARE EXPERIENCE the other morning—or what is a rare experience for me. I stood watching a dream come true.

I'd dreamed the night before (or rather just as I was waking in the morning) that I was standing in the street, looking up at a man putting a metal patch over a hole in the top rear corner of a bus—on the nearside. And, waking, I'd wondered what kind of an accident had driven a hole in the bus right up there.

Then, a few hours later, on my way to keep an appointment, and with my mind absorbed in a radio script I was working on, I suddenly became aware that I was standing on the pavement, looking up at a man putting on a bright metal patch of the same size and shape as I'd seen in my dream, and in exactly the same place on the vehicle.

The whole scene, including my own position as I stood there, was exactly as I'd dreamed it—except that what I had taken for a bus, in the twilight of the dream, was now sharply defined, in the clear light of day, as a tall furniture van.

My Friends Weren't Impressed

This kind of story is apt to sound pitifully unconvincing, I know. I told it to some friends the following evening and they all started to look sorry for me. "Must have been sheer coincidence," they said. And gently turned the talk toward more serious things.

Well, I'm prepared to believe it's coincidence when it happens to other people. But I can't help feeling there is more in it than that when it happens to me.

Yet, *if* we sometimes get a glimpse of the future in our dreams, why don't I dream about something important that's going to happen to me, instead of about a trivial thing like this? There seems to be no "sense," no "use," in dreaming about the future if the dreamer doesn't dream about something important in his own future.

It's similar to the kind of message you so often get in so-called "spiritualistic" manifestations. *If* we can receive spirit-messages from the dead, why do the spirits waste their precious time larking about with the crockery or talking about trivialities?

Why don't the spirits come through with a detailed description of the "other world"—instead of asking whether their old hat is still hanging on the hallstand, or whether you remember swallowing that fishbone at Margate?

Some of my friends tell me that if I'm so interested in my dream, I ought to take it to a Freudian psychiatrist, who would probably show me that it was some kind of wish-fulfilment.

But even if the psychiatrist did show me a hidden wish or fear of mine, symbolized in the dream, he would still be faced with the problem of explaining how I came to see the dream happening in reality a few hours later.

He might suggest, of course, that I'd seen the incident first, and only imagined I'd dreamed about it beforehand. I could offer him no proof to the contrary.

That's the snag about this sort of thing. If you don't write the dream down when you wake, with the exact time and date, you can't prove, even to yourself, that you haven't imagined the original dream *after* seeing the event.

If you want to convince other people you also need the signature of at least one witness to your statement, made at the time of the dream.

Few of us have got the leisure for doing all that, especially with our hundreds of seemingly trivial dreams. But it's the only way to collect reliable evidence. We're all so anxious to believe what we want to believe that we can never trust ourselves not to cheat, after the event, consciously or unconsciously.

Back in the slump of the thirties, when I had plenty of spare time on my hands, I was interested in J. W. Dunne's theories on time and dreams, and I did record a few of what I felt to be my more important dreams. Most of them I traced back to incidents in the past.

The Drink I Refused

One, I remember, was about a drink I'd refused. I'd thought at the time that it consisted of a little whisky drowned in a lot of water. But my dream said it was champagne. And when I checked, afterwards, with the man who had offered me the drink, he told me it was in fact champagne.

What that proves I don't know—unless my subconscious self was trying to tell me what a mug I'd been to refuse it.

But I had one dream that seemed to justify all my patient recording—a dream of sudden death.

During this period, I was driving a cab on the late shift, and one evening I met an elderly driver on a cab-rank who made a deep impression on me. We met as strangers, but we parted, an hour or so later, feeling firm friends. I asked the other chaps his name. They told me it was Jim Morris.

A few mornings later, I woke after dreaming that I'd been standing on this same cab-rank, in the middle of a line of other cabmen, and one of them had said: "Jim Morris is dead."

I woke full of horror, full of the thought that Jim had come to a sudden, violent and horrible end—though there was no detail about the manner of his death in my dream. Once fully awake, I was inclined to laugh it off as indigestion. But I made a note of it.

Two nights later, I was standing in a line of cabmen (not on the rank, but in an almost exactly similar position at the paying-in desk at the garage) when somebody said "Jim Morris is dead." And then I learned the details. He'd been knocked down, the night before, by a passing car as he crossed the road from the pavement to the cab-rank.

I'd Got the Timing Taped

Whether my dream was a chance coincidence or something else, I had at least got the time-sequence clearly recorded. On the first night, I'd dreamed he was dead. On the second night, the accident had happened. And on the third night I'd heard about it—almost exactly as in my dream. The only difference was that we were standing in line in the garage office instead of in line on the cab-rank.

All the same, the scoffers can still have the last laugh. These events happened fourteen or fifteen years ago; and I find I've either lost or destroyed most of the notes I made at the time. So I can't offer a single bit of proof.

If I were an old age pensioner or an invalid or someone with a similar amount of leisure, I'd make a hobby of recording my dreams. And what came of them—if anything. It's an interesting hobby in itself; and, if it's tackled scientifically, it might turn out to be an important contribution to human knowledge.

But until a few thousands of us do tackle our dreams scientifically, and accumulate a large mass of evidence—one way or the other—stories like this one of mine will remain on the level of "old wives' tales."

HE KEPT HIS CHIN UP AND—

THREE years' unemployment is enough to knock the stuffing out of any man with a family to bring up, even an ex-miner! But forty-one year-old reader V. F. Seal, 12 Brown Street, Ferndale, Rhondda, kept up his chin—and his hobby of making *Bullets*.

The other Friday afternoon, whilst he and his wife were wrestling with the family budget, along came a telegram from JOHN BULL. It told Mr. Seal that he had won £250 and a free holiday for his neat and homely effort, MR. STICK-IN-THE-MUD—BUT MOTHER'S "RALEIGH," DAD.

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 26 entrants.

NOTE. — For the sake of readers who have already made their holiday arrangements for this year and would, therefore, be unable to take the Seaside Holiday Prize, winners in this Contest will be allowed to postpone their prize Seaside Holiday until next summer if they so desire.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,638

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WHAT WE FEAR "THE DARK" *Ivan's* IN.

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THIRD PRIZE, £10: F. Peters, 62 Shaftesbury Avenue, Holderness Road, Hull: WON HER HEART—HERO? MILLIONAIRE? ADONIS? *Me*!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: Miss I. Scott, 9 Hastings Street, Bradford: WORK—LIKE BLACKS—LICK BLUES! £8: R. Allan, 78 Bower Lane, Ironbridge: WAY THE WORLD'S GOING—BUTTON—AND YOU'RE MUTTON! £7: Mrs. E. Radburn, 32 Dunchurch Highway, Broad Lane, Coventry: NO HOME—TOO OFTEN CRIME'S "BIRTHPLACE." £6: A. E. Baldwin, 16 Royal Arcade, Keighley, Yorks: WAY THE WORLD'S GOING—NO "BLINKING"—MARS WINKING.

FIVE of £5: D. Clarke, "Richmonds," 5 Sandringham Mansions, Exeter Road, Bournemouth: FRUITS OF WAR—THINK ON THESE *Nothings!* N. J. Fishlock, 86 Hartley Down, Purley: EDUCATION'S LAMP—HELPED SONNY FUSE LIGHTS! F. D. Harrison, 3 Gisburn Court, Morley: AUNTIE'S ON HOLIDAY, SO—LOOKING *Over* BED, TOO! Mrs. M. E. Hawkins, "Baddily Lodge," 23 Maltravers Drive, Littlehampton: GIVE HIM A LIFT AND—FRITZ CHOOSING DEMOCRACY'S "ROAD." E. N. Jones, White House, Hopton Bank, Cleobury Mortimer: SNIFF OF THE BRINY—IMPOSSIBLE IN *Dad's* CAR!

Holidays arranged by Cook's. 20 Prizes of £1 1s. and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

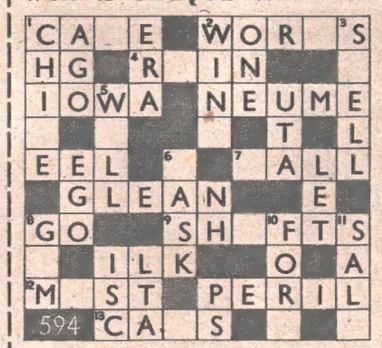
Across Clues **XWORD 594**

1. One is usually very much the same as another to schoolboy
2. No doubt some of Shakespeare's must have changed their significance since his day
4. More often than not, downfall implies
7. May cause a horse certain amount of pain
9. All kinds of these are used for getting rid of bad air
12. Autumn, especially, is the time for
13. Can be very disturbing when young children should be asleep

Down Clues

1. Certain kind of this projects
2. Is regarded by some as something fast
3. What conflagration may leave behind
5. Often causes quite a lot of trouble before it is dry
6. City workers often envy those who can do this in the sunshine
8. Is a kind of school
10. Commander will feel easier when his troops strike this
11. The ladies are proverbially fond of one

WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Aug. 28.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

594 Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 16

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

THE SHEARING AT NELLO

Continued from previous page

strain began to tell on Chap. He was cursing like a navvy!

At four o'clock I thought I'd never get through the last hour. My arms were like lead, the shears felt like a slippery stone in my hands. I thought my knees would buckle with the ache in them.

I stopped thinking of Chap, of the Nello contract, of the run off St. George. There was nothing in the world but my sore body and a chute full of sheep with their fleece to be lifted. One, two—the belly! One, two—front legs and front back! One, two—hind legs and hind back!

I was fumbling for the next one when I heard the mates yelling. Five o'clock. The trial was over.

"Did I trim Chap?" I croaked, licking the crust of my lips. The faces were reeling before me, I was that stoned.

"Trim him and more, Benjie Shackler!" shouted Dan Terril. "He crocked out these fifteen minutes past. You've clipped two hundred and ninety sheep and my hat's off to you, bucko!"

All I thought was: Dad, I've done it! Then I fell like a stone on my face in the dust of the woolshed.

While we finished the shearing at Nello I'd sit on the homestead veranda at night after supper, talking to Mavis about the run off St. George. The moon was all spangles on her hair through the leaves of the gum trees.

"Benjie," she said one night, "it sounds like a fine spot of sheep land."

"It's that." I looked deep in her eyes. "And some day it will have the tidiest homestead that's ever been seen on a station." The look she gave back made me cocky and bold, so I gassed on a bit about my prospects. "It's all thanks to you, Mavis, for standing up for me with your father. And"—for I had to be honest—"to the thickness of Chap Goron who was daft to bring spirits with him."

"Shhh!" She laid a finger on my lips and looked back through the open window. "It will be hard enough explaining when father finds out. There's four tins of methylated spirits gone from the storeroom. And we're the only two who know where the key is kept." She smiled when my jaw dropped open.

"Don't worry," she said, "I sold them to Goron the eve of the trial for enough to replace them and more."

I used to think my Dad was smart!

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Form Shocked Him

IS THERE A MEANS TEST in connection with certain benefits under the new National Insurance Scheme? Many readers want to know. One of them writes:

"I am on the sick list. I was shocked to find that to get the full allowance for myself and my wife I had to fill in a comprehensive form regarding all the property and savings owned by me or my wife, with full details of money in banks or in Savings Certificates. If there is no means test, why is all this information required?"

There is no means test for sickness benefit under the new Act, but an inquiry into means is made when financial assistance is claimed under the National Assistance Scheme. An insured man can only get an allowance for his wife if she is earning not more than £1 a week.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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Thousands forget that, even on foot, they themselves form part of the traffic. They forget safety rules. 2,380 pedestrians were killed last year, 52,850 were injured.

Whenever the Traffic Jimp tempts *you*, don't listen. Remember the Highway Code—and mind how you go.

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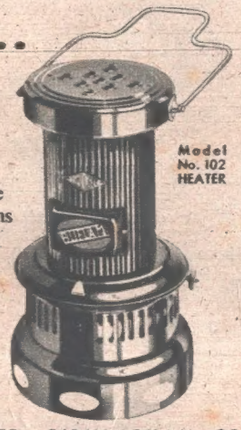

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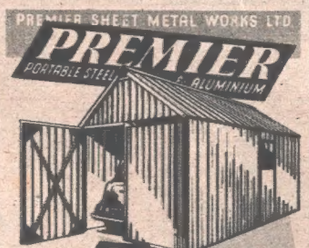

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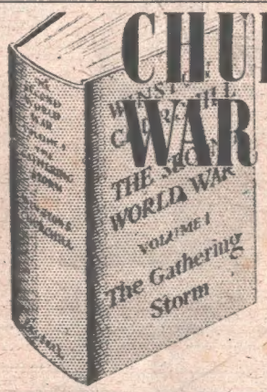

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